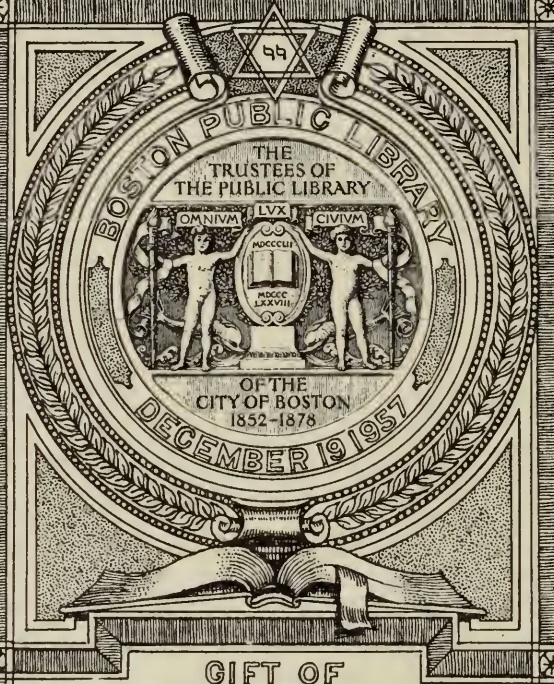
BOSTON PUBLIC LIBRARY
3 9999 06574 332 8

FOUR GENERATIONS

My Life and Memories of New York for Over Eighty Years

FRANCES NATHAN WOLFF

THE FANNY GOLDSTEIN
JUDAICA COLLECTION



GIFT OF
THE JACOB ZISKIND TRUST
FOR
CHARITABLE PURPOSES

FOUR GENERATIONS

Digitized by the Internet Archive
in 2012 with funding from
Boston Public Library

http://archive.org/details/fourgenerationsm00wolf

FOUR GENERATIONS

FOUR GENERATIONS

My Life and Memories of
New York for Over Eighty Years

By

FRANCES NATHAN WOLFF

NEW YORK, N. Y.
1939

COPYRIGHT, 1939, BY

FRANCES NATHAN WOLFF

CS71
.W844
1939x

PRINTED IN THE UNITED STATES OF AMERICA

BY THE COLONIAL PRESS INC., CLINTON, MASS.

The characters portrayed in these pages are real. Unfortunately, few are now living, but those who are and have been a part of my life, I hope will not resent appearing in print.

At the urgent request of my children and grandchildren, I have written the story of my life.

To those who are living—John, Arthur and Frances—and to the memory of my husband and our eldest born, Emily, I dedicate these pages.

Words cannot express what the lives of my parents have meant to me. If I have possessed any virtues, I attribute them to their teachings and examples. The Jewish religion and the reverence for God which they instilled into me have helped me to carry on. I still hope that my children and grandchildren will revert to some of our religious forms which I feel keep us, as a people, together.

MOTHER

Illustrations

		PAGE
FOUR GENERATIONS	*Frontispiece*	
MY MOTHER *and* MY FATHER	*facing*	1
GRACE SEIXAS NATHAN *and* SIMON NATHAN	"	2
MY GRANDFATHER	"	6
MOTHER AND ME, ME AND MY HOOPLE *and* PHOTO TAKEN TO BE SENT TO BOUGUEREAU	"	9
WASHINGTON, JULIAN, ESTELLE NATHAN, *and* ROSALIE FLORANCE	"	17
MY FATHER'S PASSPORT		19
HARMON, FREDERICK, JESSIE COHEN, *and* SARAH MOSS	*facing*	20
MY HUSBAND'S REPORT		33
MY REPORT		34
JOSHUA ISAACS *and* JUSTINA LAZARUS ISAACS	*facing*	40
CITIZENSHIP PAPER		47
MY HUSBAND'S PASSPORT		48
JULIUS R. WOLFF *and* FRANCES LOUISA NATHAN	*facing*	50
HARMON HENDRICKS *and* FRANCES ISAACS HENDRICKS	"	52
HONORABLE DISCHARGE		53
"MISS FRANCES" *and* "MR. WOLFF"	*facing*	54
JULIUS *and* FRANCES	"	56
MY WEDDING INVITATION		59
KETHUBAS	*between* 62 *and*	63
JOHN, ARTHUR, FRANCES, AND EMILY	*facing*	69
EMILY WOLFF CARDOZO	"	113

		PAGE
ARTHUR, FRANCES, MYSELF, AND JOHN MYSELF AND SIX GRANDCHILDREN—1914 MYSELF—1925 MYSELF AND NINE GRANDCHILDREN	*facing*	117
MYSELF AT SEVENTY FRANCES ANNA DOUMAUX MYSELF AT FRANCES' SILVER WEDDING MYSELF AND ARTHUR	"	128
JUSTICE BENJAMIN NATHAN CARDOZO	"	157
MY SHOES	"	159
BIRTH CERTIFICATE OF FRANCES NATHAN JACOBS		160
MY FIRST GREAT-GRANDCHILD	*facing*	165
SHEARITH ISRAEL SYNAGOGUES PRESENT SYNAGOGUE OF CONGREGATION SHEARITH ISRAEL, 2 West 70th Street	*between* 170 *and*	171
HAGGADAH OR SEDER TABLE	*facing*	172
THE FOUR FRANCES NATHANS—1938	"	175
LIEUT.-COL. AARON WOLFF *and* RACHEL CAPPÉ WOLFF	"	184
MOSES WOLFF *and* REBECCA JOSEPHINE LEVY WOLFF	"	190
FACSIMILE OF KNIGHT OF DANNEBORG DOCUMENT	"	192

Charts

NATHAN GENEALOGY	*facing*	88
HENDRICKS GENEALOGY	"	144
WOLFF GENEALOGY	"	176

ERRATA

PAGE 6, Line 18: Justice Benjamin N. Cardozo died in "1938," not "1937."

CHART, Opposite page 144: "Constance Marion," daughter of Mr. and Mrs. H. Hendrick Nathan, should read "Constance Miriam."

PAGE 150, Line 7: "His daughters Rosalie" should read "His daughter Rosalie."

FOUR GENERATIONS

MY MOTHER

MY FATHER

Chapter One

FRIDAY, May 13th, 1938—An ominous and prognostic date! Prophetic too, either for good or bad.

I am the thirteenth child. I was born on November 16, 1856 at 153 Bleecker Street, New York City. My parents, Benjamin and Emily Grace Nathan, were comparatively young to be the parents of thirteen children, both being about the age of forty-three. I don't remember the Bleecker Street house, but as there were then nine living children, I feel sure that the rooms were neither sufficient nor large enough for the inmates. In those days we used trundle beds so constructed that in the daytime they could be pushed under the permanent beds. I was told by my Aunt, Clara Nathan, that trundle beds were used in their house in White Street and I believe, although I can't say for certain, that they were also used in Bleecker Street. James Whitcomb Riley speaks of the bed in his "Tale of 'arly Days"—"And the trundle bed that each helt three."

We employed at least two maids. Two I can remember, but there may have been more. One, Bridget Melvin, was nurse to my brother Julian and myself. Afterwards, when I was married she took care of my daughter, Emily. She was with me until the time of her death in 1888. The other maid was Ellen Plunkett, the waitress who lived with us until the house at 683 Fifth

Avenue was sold. Then she was pensioned by the family until her death in 1908. She and her sister lived on First Avenue near Thirty-seventh Street and if one visited her, one would have thought a room from some one of the houses we had occupied had been transferred to her apartment. She never refused anything from paintings to the contents of the scrap basket, so her rooms and walls were filled with relics of our homes. I said she was waitress, but I'm sure she never objected to making the beds or taking Julian and myself out. When we moved to Twenty-third Street, in 1859, we kept a waiterman, now known as a butler; then she was parlormaid and assisted at the table.

My Uncles, Montague and Uriah Hendricks, also lived on Bleecker Street. Montague, my mother's brother, had six children. One daughter, Agnes, married Aaron Wolff, brother of my husband. Uriah, another of my mother's brothers, had sixteen children; my grandfather, Seixas Nathan had fifteen. Now you can understand how, with such prolific families, I had ninety-nine first cousins.

My great-grandfather, Simon Nathan, was born in Frome, England, 1746. We first hear of him in America in 1773. At that time the United States was short of cordage, canvas and powder. He was a merchant in the Island of Jamaica, and at the risk of his life he shipped the above, and when the British heard what he had done he had to leave Jamaica, and could take with him few of his belongings. He went to New Orleans and

GRACE SEIXAS NATHAN
My Great-Grandmother

SIMON NATHAN
My Great-Grandfather

then to Virginia. There in 1779 he owned £35,000 in bills on France for specie and tobacco bills accepted by Governor Jefferson, from whom and from the Council of Virginia he received thanks for having advanced to the state $52,000 in specie for Col. Clarke's drafts. In 1780 he heard clothing was needed at Fort Pitt. He offered to furnish the money, $300,000, without interest, and part of this was paid back in depreciated Continental currency. Then he journeyed on to Philadelphia, Pa. and married Grace Seixas, becoming the brother-in-law of Gershom and Benjamin Seixas. He became a member of the Sublime Lodge of Perfection and was one of the original Trustees of the reorganized Congregation Mikveh Israel in 1782. Later he lost all his money and was unable to collect the money loaned to the State of Virginia, a total of £323,000 of Continental money. Some time after 1780, he established a store at Richmond, but it was sold out to meet the protested bills which the State of Virginia assured him would be paid but which were not honored. On his return to New York after the Revolution, he went into business with Aaron Pimentel. He lived many years in Water Street but his auction business was carried on at the Vendue Room, 9 Hanover Square. He held several offices in New York, among them Parnas or President for several years in the Shearith Israel Synagogue, New York City, also was a contributor toward the building of the Park Theatre and later toward the proposed branch of the Synagogue in Greenwich Village.

He died at the age of 76 in 1822, and is buried in the cemetery on the New Bowery, Chatham Square, where his grave is still preserved.

Grace Seixas Nathan, my great-grandmother, wife of Simon Nathan, was born in 1762 and died in 1831. She was highly intelligent and wrote many poems. In the following one, the quotation "Forbear to question, have faith" which I quote in another part of this book evidently the two words "Have faith" were added by her when conversing with her family.

Reflections on Passing Our New Burial Ground

Within those walls made sacred to the dead
Where yet no spade has rudely turned a sod
No requiem chanted for a spirit fled
No prayer been offered to the throne of God.

There in due form shall holy rites be given
And the last solemn strain float so high in air
That listening Angels shall bear it to Heaven
And the soul of the just be deposited there.

Perhaps a head white as mountain snow
When colder far than that its semblance wears
May find a rest where weeping willows grow
And moisten the graves with the drip of their tears.

And there may the mourner solitary stray
In pensive mood to seek a mother's tomb
And giving range to mem'ry's early day
Sorrowing ask why has she gone so soon?

Forbear to question—in low submission bend
To Him who rules in graciousness of power
Who calls the beings of his realms below

To place them in his own Eternal Bower.
Mortal, let this console—repine no more.

The farewell letter to her only son Seixas is indicative of her character and her plea to him to adhere to our religion was fulfilled. The letter may interest her many descendants as it has me, so I quote it.

"I am perfectly resigned to meet the last earthly event—grateful to God for the blessings He has given me. I die in the full faith of my Religion. . . . Need I exhort you to the cultivation of your endearing children and give them a just idea of their religious and moral principles, these being the corner stones of all good, and on which the basis of life here and hereafter may be supported."

She is buried in Cypress Hill Cemetery, her body having been transferred from the Oliver Street Cemetery in 1855. The following is on her tombstone. "Here lies the worthy woman Grace wife of the late Simon, son of Judah Nathan. She died leaving a good name on Kislev 4.5592. The days of her life were seventy-nine years. May her soul be bound up in the bond of life."

This information and that of Simon Nathan was given to me by my revered minister and valued friend, Rev. David de Sola Pool.

My great-grandparents had only one son, Seixas, my grandfather, who was born in New York City. He married Sarah Seixas. They had sixteen children, fourteen growing to maturity. My father, Benjamin, was

third from the oldest. Robert, about ten years older, had four children—Robert, Harold, Maud and Annie. Harold is the father of Robert Nathan, the novelist. Annie founded Barnard College and has written several books. She married Dr. Alfred Meyer, a noted lung specialist. Maud married my brother Frederick. She was one of the founders of the Consumer's League, Honorary President of the New York section and Honorary Vice-President of the National section. She has written several books. Hester, or as we called her, "Aunt Hettie," married Moses Lazarus. They were the parents of Emma, the poetess who wrote the inscription for the Statue of Liberty. Rebecca, another of my father's sisters, married Albert Cardozo who became a Justice of the Supreme Court. They were the parents of Justice Benjamin N. Cardozo, who was a Justice of the United States Supreme Court until his death in 1937. He was named after my father, Benjamin Nathan. The day he was born, May 24th, 1870, was the day before the Mount Sinai Hospital was dedicated. My father was then President of the Hospital. Governor Hoffman and Judge Cardozo lunched with us. Afterwards we drove from our home, 12 West Twenty-third Street, to the hospital site at Lexington Avenue and Sixty-seventh Street for the dedication. It was like going to the country. Above Forty-second Street on the East side were only dirt roads and a few houses.

Before the Hospital moved to Sixty-seventh Street, it

SEIXAS NATHAN
My Grandfather

was called The Jews' Hospital. It occupied a small house on West Twenty-eighth Street. My father was secretary and every night the superintendent came to report to him the number of patients. Usually there were not more than a dozen. The house only accommodated twenty-eight patients. You all know the capacity of the present hospital. The training school for nurses was organized in 1881 by my cousin, Sarah Hendricks Florance and Alma Salomon, wife of my cousin Albert Hendricks.

The buses, or stages, went only as far as Forty-seventh Street, on which street Judge Cardozo lived. I used to love to go to his house and play with his children because they had a real playroom! The buses had straw on the floor to keep our feet warm and the drivers had straps under their feet leading to the door and attached to it. When we wanted to get out, we pulled the strap which lifted the driver's foot from it and then we pushed the door open.

The horsecars at that time had stoves on one side. The ones who sat next to the stove roasted and those who sat too far away froze. If you were lucky enough to sit neither too far away nor yet too near, you were fairly comfortable. The Broadway cars, when they reached Seventy-fifth Street, changed horses to continue farther on. However, I rode more frequently on the Sixth Avenue cars and got to know some of the conductors. One, in particular, was quite friendly with me and I called him "The Philosopher" as he made so many wise

remarks. To this day I have the faculty of speaking to persons I meet here, there and everywhere but just as often strangers speak to me first. Not long ago I was in a Broadway car when an educated woman asked me to what charity she should subscribe, naming two or three. It was really beyond my ken for I had never heard either of her or the charities mentioned.

Only a couple of years ago, when boarding a car, I forgot to pay my fare. It worried me so that the next time I rode in one, I dropped a ten-cent piece in the box and told the motorman why I had done so. I sat down with an easy conscience, when in a few minutes the motorman came to me and said: "Madam, the dime you just put in is bad, or rather, a Canadian one."

I felt terribly embarrassed and gave a good one in its stead. If I had adhered strictly to a verse in the Bible: "Be not over-righteous," it would not have happened.

MOTHER AND ME

ME AND MY HOOPLE

PHOTO TAKEN TO BE
SENT TO BOUGUEREAU

Chapter Two

I REMEMBER the Twenty-third Street house quite well. It was just west of Fifth Avenue. Directly opposite was the old Fifth Avenue Hotel, which had replaced the Franconi's Hippodrome. Opened in 1853, it was built in a combination of tent roof and permanent wall, two stories high, with capacity for 6000 seats and 2,000 standing room. In 1859 the old Fifth Avenue Hotel was erected on its site.

The upper part of our Twenty-third Street house as it was originally built can still be seen. Only the lower floors have since been altered. Before the alteration the entrance was a high brownstone stoop corresponding to the architecture of the period. The rooms were very large and the ceilings very high.

The house was over thirty-two feet wide, and the lot on which it was built ran back to Twenty-second Street where our stable stood. A large yard separated the stable from the house. In a separate building was the picture gallery, and I believe this was the second private gallery in the city. Father bought all his paintings from Goupil's Galleries and on Saturday afternoons I would go there with him to admire the paintings. Just before father's death, he had my photograph taken for the purpose of sending it to Paris for the eminent artist Bouguereau to paint, but owing to his death it was never sent.

My nursery was on the second floor at the back. It was from the window of this room that I had my first flirtation. It was with Willie Morse, son of Professor Samuel F. B. Morse, inventor of the telegraph. His house was on Twenty-second Street and his back window looked on mine. When I received a new toy I would hold it up at the window so that he could share my pleasure. After I left Twenty-third Street in 1870, I neither saw nor heard from him again until one evening in 1932, I heard him speak, when listening to a dramatization of his father's life over the radio. I wrote to him:

"Having just listened to a very interesting talk over the radio commemorating the hundredth anniversary of the invention of the telegraph by your dear father, I cannot refrain from writing to you to congratulate you on the achievement of his work.

"Do you by any chance remember many years ago when you lived in Twenty-second Street and I lived in Twenty-third Street, how many times we conversed from your window to mine?

"I think I can safely say that very few now living remember your father. I was quite thrilled when you spoke and memories carried me back to the days of my childhood some seventy years ago."

He answered my letter saying:

"I was much surprised and pleased to receive your very kind letter. I certainly do remember the old days and I remember you very well. I am so happy to know you are so well. I also am wonderfully well and do not, by a long way, look my age. I will be eighty on January 31st.

"I live in San Diego, California and am returning there with my daughter but would love to see you, if possible, before I sail."

He called and I went to see him. The World-Telegram printed an account of our meeting under the headline, "Radio Helps Revive Another Romance of Olden Days."

"Another old and delightful romance was recently revived through the powerful medium of this thing called radio. WOR was again responsible for reviving a romance more than fifty years old.

"Several weeks ago this station broadcast a program commemorating the centenary of the conception of the telegraph by Samuel Morse. Two relatives of the inventor were present in the studio and participated in the ceremony. They were William Goodrich Morse, 80-year-old son and Lela Livingstone Morse, his daughter. Both of them came from the West in order to appear on the air.

"When William was a youngster he lived with his parents on Twenty-second Street, just off Fifth Avenue in Manhattan. Around the corner on Twenty-third Street lived Frances Nathan, his favorite playmate. Both were always seen together and learned to know the neighborhood very well. After a few years, both families moved from that neighborhood and the two playmates never saw each other.

"The night of the Morse broadcast Frances, now Frances Wolff, age 76, and a grandmother, was listening-in and heard the voice of her old playmate. She immediately wrote to him in care of the station, and after a lapse of 65 years their charming friendship was resumed.

"William prolonged his stay in Manhattan to talk over olden times with Frances, and left last week for the Coast."

Later on his daughter gave a reception which I attended with my son and daughter, Arthur and Frances. Willie Morse died the following year.

Another friend of the "old days" was Dolly Fisher who later married Skiddy Von Stade. She lived on Fifth Avenue and the back windows of her house looked on our yard. We also used to talk to each other from our respective windows. Every year she gave wonderful Christmas Tree parties and although I was not allowed to hang up my stocking until New Year, I was permitted to go to her parties.

I also attended a party given by the Lowthers, who lived near us in Twenty-third Street. Of course I was all dressed up. I marched downstairs from the ladies' dressing room having been duly inspected, I thought, by my nurse, Bridget. On entering the parlor, I discovered to my horror that my woolen leggings and overshoes had not been taken off. Despite my embarrassment, I doubt that my evening's fun was spoiled.

I used to play in the Madison Square Park with the Belmonts, Elsie Barlow, Nellie Blodgett, whose brother, Willie, was one of my boy friends, and Edith Cooper, granddaughter of Peter Cooper who founded Cooper Union. She and I were considered the fastest runners. I used to love to roll a hoop and I think if I had one now I would try my hand at it.

Every day an old woman would come into the park with a large basket full of many kinds of cake and we children were all ready to buy and eat them. Of course no one knew where and under what conditions they were made, but at that time I was not so "finicky." Those at home, however, were not pleased when I told them about my having indulged.

I was given five dollars a month for spending. Out of this sum I had to buy gloves which then cost two-fifty a pair. I bought them at Stern Bros. whose store at that time was on Sixth Avenue at 22nd Street and consisted of a room only about thirty by forty feet in size. I was so careful of my costly gloves that to prevent perspiration from spoiling them, I used to put cotton in the palms of my hands. You see, at an early age I was economical! From a little account book that I kept at that time I found that I had to buy hair-ribbons, candy, soda water and give money to charity, all out of my allowance. And some recipients were given the grand sum of five or ten cents!

At that time our group of girls, then about nine or ten years old, liked to play on the reservoir which supplied the city with water and was situated on Fifth Avenue and Forty-second Street where the New York Public Library now stands. Bridget always went with me. It was great fun to climb the many steps and then run around on the very top.

I was always fond of games, whether they were for boys or girls. Marbles was one of my favorites. I often played "Fatsie." On the carpet which had the pattern best for our purpose at the Twenty-third Street house, we would set up our marbles around the edge of the carpet figure. The game was to try to shoot them out of their formation. Another game which amused me was Jackstones and I was a very good player. It was only last year that I sat on the floor and had a game with

Louise Bloomingdale who now has become the wife of my grandson, Edgar Cullman. At about the age of eleven, I liked to do carpentry work and made a footstool for my sister Estelle who was very short. It was on hinges so that she could fold it up and take it to the theatre. In the process of making it, I almost cut off one of my fingers with a saw. I still enjoy carpentry and plumbing and feel that I am "Jack-of-all-trades and master at none." Two years ago, I made heavy curtains and upholstered a window seat in my grandson Mike's room.

I used to love to get on the top of my wooden bed, put chairs in front for horses, hold a whip and drive to different shops, pretending I was a coachman. I now wonder if I were "all there" or whether it was just the imagination of a child.

Another amusement of mine was to walk up and down in the large parlor in the Twenty-third Street house before a long mirror holding the hand of my niece, Tillie Florance, now Tillie Hendricks. I was so proud of being an Aunt! She was just able to walk and I was not five years old!

When my sister Sarah married Lucian Moss I was brought down to the wedding in the nurse's arms being then only eighteen months old. Of course, I have been told this as I don't remember *quite* so far back!

Another of my chief pleasures, in which I indulged after dinner, was to sit on top of a permanent chest of

drawers between the third floor rooms and watch sister Jessie dress to see her beaux. She married Mendes Cohen of Baltimore, one of the finest and most courtly men I ever knew. At one time he was President of the Pittsburgh and McConnellsville Railroad. He was also President of the American Society of Civil Engineers. Through his ability the modern system of sewerage was adopted in Baltimore. He was one of the founders of the American Jewish Historical Society and a member of many other such groups. He was a sincere believer in the Laws of our religion and kept them strictly.

Of course, the circus is always a great event for children. One afternoon, Mr. Henry, "Uncle Sim" as we called him, took his two nieces, Lilly and Maud Henry and me, to see the show. It was given in a large building on Fourth Avenue near Fourteenth Street. Our seats were not far from the stage and we were sitting quietly, thoroughly enjoying everything, when a trained horse walked right off the stage up the aisles among the audience. This feat was not on the program. Everyone was frightened and to this day I do not like the circus. When I had to take my children, it was with a deep fear left by the recollection of that day.

One evening my brother Washington and my cousin, Albert Hendricks, took me to the Fifth Avenue or the Bijou Theatre. It was situated at Twenty-fourth Street between Fifth and Sixth Avenues and we went through the Fifth Avenue Hotel to get there. I don't know if anyone now living has ever seen the play, *Frou*

Frou. Young as I was, I seemed to understand it and cried at its pathos. That same winter I saw Edwin Booth at his theatre on Twenty-third Street and Sixth Avenue play *Hamlet.* Another of my favorite actors was Charles Fechter who also played in that role.

Looking back on those happy years, the most trivial details flit into my mind. As I told you before, my nursery was on the second floor and Bridget Melvin slept in the room with me. There was an old grandfather's clock which I now own, on the mantelpiece. Later on, I will tell you how I came to possess it.

Members of the family usually came to Sunday night suppers and my father always read a chapter from the Bible. My favorite chapter was Ecclesiastes III and I have requested the same to be read at my funeral. At one of these Sunday night suppers, custard was served. I had eaten mine and wanted some more, but was refused. Thereupon, I said: "It gives me as much pleasure to see you eat as if I had it." Of course, afterward I was rewarded for my bright remark with some of the desired custard.

When I was about nine years old, I was allowed to go out alone for short distances. One of my friends, Nina de Ferisac, granddaughter of Jonathan Thorne, lived on Sixteenth Street in a very beautiful house which afterwards became the New York Hospital. I was on my way to see her when a man grabbed me. I managed to wriggle out of his grasp. I saw something hanging from under his coat and am sure it was a gag.

My Brother
WASHINGTON

My Sister
ESTELLE NATHAN

My Brother
JULIAN

My Sister
ROSALIE FLORANCE

On the way home, the same man was hanging around but I imagine Fifth Avenue was too crowded for him to try again.

From that day forward, I never went out alone until I was old and brave enough to do so. However, it was the style for maids to walk behind the children, so every afternoon, you could have seen the Lazarus' maid, Kitty, and my maid, Bridget, walking behind us. Jennie Smith was often with us but I am not sure whether her maid always accompanied us. Jennie, who afterwards became Mrs. Tiffany, was one of my dearest friends. We saw each other almost every day until she married and went abroad to live.

However, I am getting ahead of my story. In 1860, Father's eyes were very troublesome and the Doctor advised him to go to Berlin to consult an oculist. New York was then young and the best doctors and surgeons were abroad. Mother, Father, Sarah and her husband, Jessie, Estelle, Harmon, Frederick, Washington, Julian and "little Nan" (my nickname) and Bridget Melvin, my nurse—this round dozen of us sailed for England on the Steamship Fulton. It was Saturday, our Sabbath, so all walked to the pier, except "little Nan" and Bridget who were allowed to ride.

It took twelve or thirteen days to cross the ocean. Father's diary states that the sea was rough and many were seasick: "My watch fell overboard," he wrote, "and I felt so sick that I didn't care if I followed. . . . The next on the sick list was little Nan."

The train from Dover to London was held up for "the great American family" as we were called. Again, the mystic number "thirteen" as we were thirteen in traveling—eleven of the family, Bridget, and Mr. Meyers, the courier who joined us abroad. In those days, because few could speak German, Italian or French and not many foreigners spoke English, a courier was hired to buy the railroad tickets, find out about trains and engage rooms at hotels. There was no Cook's traveling agency then! Another one of my memories of our European trip was the sight of *goat wagons* going up and down the Champs Elysees.

When in Europe, Bridget, my nurse, wanted to go to see her family in Ireland. I was so upset by the thought of her leaving me, even for such a short time as a week, that she gave up the idea and did not go. They were already beginning to spoil me! Sometime after we returned home, Bridget brought her niece, Ellen, over from Ireland. Ellen was then about my age (five or six). I remember her sitting in the kitchen on my high chair. After she grew up, she lived with Aunt Hettie for many years. When the Lazarus family broke up housekeeping, Ellen went to live with Adah and Peggy Marks, Aunt Hettie's grandchildren, and when she was unable to work she went to a Home. We all kept in touch with her until her death. Another niece of Bridget's, a sister of Ellen, was also brought over here and she too lived with some of our family.

We were in Europe when the Civil War broke out

UNITED STATES OF AMERICA

To all to whom these Presents shall come Greeting

DESCRIPTION

Age 48 Years
Stature 5 Feet 8 Inches Eng.
Forehead high
Eyes light blue
Nose [illegible]
Mouth small
Chin small
Hair gray
Complexion fair
Face oval

Signature of the Bearer.
Benj Nathan

I the Undersigned Secretary of State of the United States of America hereby request all whom it may concern to permit safely and freely to pass Benjamin Nathan accompanied by his family a Citizen of the United States and in case of need to give him all lawful Aid and Protection.

Given under my hand and the impression of the Seal of the DEPARTMENT OF STATE at the City of Washington the 24th day of Sept A.D. 1861 in the 86th Year of the Independence of these United States

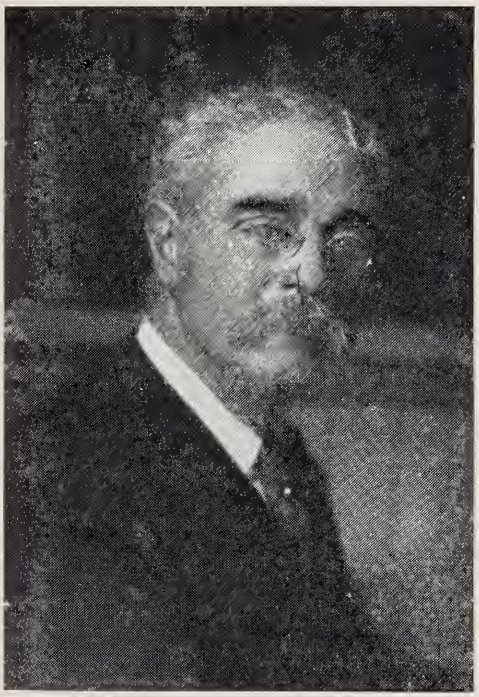
William H. Seward

MY FATHER'S PASSPORT

in America. Father was very much worried and we started for home. There were some Englishmen on board the steamer. After talking to Jessie, they expressed surprise that she was an American. They thought she should have worn feathers in her hair like the Indians! It is a strange fact that Europeans, even as late as 1918, thought the same about Americans, as you will see later on from an extract from one of Arthur's letters written during the World War.

Harmon and Frederick joined the Seventh Regiment as soon as they reached home from Europe and were sent to Baltimore. The Civil War ended, however, without their ever having been on a battlefield. My future husband joined the same regiment, which will be touched upon later. Arthur is now in possession of his sword and other implements of war.

I remember one Saturday morning, while I was still in bed, my brother Washington came in and told me that our beloved President, Abraham Lincoln, had been assassinated. Of course you remember the day and date, April 14th, 1865, and all that pertains to the tragedy. Perhaps, however, you have never been told that it was said, had Lincoln been a good Catholic or a good Jew, he would not have been at the theatre. That night was Good Friday and the eve of the Sabbath. Although I was very young, only nine years old, I really mourned for the President. As I write this, I wonder if I had a premonition of the tragedy which was to come to me in a few years.



My Brother
HARMON

My Brother
FREDERICK

My Sister
JESSIE COHEN

My Sister
SARAH MOSS

Chapter Three

In the Sixties New York was in some respects more like a large village than like the metropolis of today. Fifth Avenue, paved with cobblestones, was by no means completely built up above Forty-second Street. Fine houses were being erected every year, but no stores stood on the Avenue.

One of the large stores at this era was owned by A. T. Stewart and Co. It was situated on the present site of John Wanamaker's store at Broadway between Ninth and Tenth Streets. Mr. Stewart's own home was a white marble mansion on the corner of Fifth Avenue and Thirty-fourth Street. Later it became a club. Stewart was succeeded first by E. J. Denning and then by Colonel Hilton who was at that time the owner of the Grand Union Hotel at Saratoga. In 1875 or 1876 an edict of his proclaimed that the Grand Union Hotel did not wish to cater to those of the Jewish Faith. In spite of his condescending to include among his patrons the Nathan and Hendricks families, I, who have in my veins the blood of both families, would never again enter the hotel. I was very glad that mother and I both had accounts in Colonel Hilton's store and I proudly went down and closed them.

Tiffany and Company was situated on Union Square. So far as I remember, they kept silver and

jewelry alone and only at a later date included china, glass and other objects of vertu.

Mr. John W. Aitken owned a very high class store on Broadway and 18th Street where only laces, embroideries, ribbons and notions were sold. When I was living on 54th Street with my children Mr. Aitken was my neighbor and his son John used to play with my boys.

Arnold, Constable and Company was at 19th Street and Broadway. This, too, was a high-class store, carrying only brocades, silks and velvets by the yard, possibly notions and certainly table and bed linens. The store was very large for those days, but, if I remember correctly, carpets and rugs were not added until a later date. It was W. and J. Sloane which one patronized when carpeting a new house. Later on the stock of this store included furniture.

At Hearn's store, which stood just where it stands now on Fourteenth Street, I did a considerable amount of my shopping. J. & J. Slater was the fashionable shoe shop and I am prone to believe that I am the only living person who patronized them seventy years ago. Above Twenty-third Street there were very few large shops. Simpson-Crawford was on Sixth Avenue at Nineteenth Street. Siegel-Cooper, quite near by, was almost the first shop to sell furniture, dress goods and at the same time meat and groceries. R. H. Macy was then on Fourteenth Street. When the store was moved to Thirty-fourth Street, it was considered away up town.

Caswell and Hazzard was our best pharmacy, situated on Broadway near Twenty-fourth Street. In those days good drug stores did not sell their patrons hot chocolate, sandwiches, chewing-gum, cigars, books and stationery.

Fourteenth Street at that time was very beautiful. Rows of large trees stood on either side of the sidewalk. Unfortunately, this was before the time when sparrows were imported to eat the worms infesting the city trees. Consequently, as one walked along, a worm would often drop right into one's face.

My cousins, the Lazarus family, lived on Fourteenth Street. I remember one Fourth of July I got up very early to go to their house with my brother Julian. We were going to celebrate the day with the Lazarus children. The previous day I had emptied many bags of torpedoes, from the sawdust in which they were packed, into one big bag. This was to save time on the Glorious Fourth. I didn't want to have to stop to separate each torpedo. For many years I thought the Fourth of July was not properly celebrated unless I fired torpedos.

I could never resist a dare! One day someone challenged me to jump from top to bottom of the high front stoop of the house on Twenty-third Street. I did it, of course, but it was a wonder I didn't break a leg or an arm.

It was the fashion in the Sixties for the women and young girls to walk down Broadway on a Saturday

afternoon to meet the men coming uptown from business. Madeline Nathan and I used to walk as far down as Prince Street, always chewing caramels. These were carefully purchased the day before so as to keep the orthodox law which forbade shopping on Saturday.

I wonder if anyone remembers seeing the pumps which were in use in the Sixties. They were in University Place between Eleventh and Twelfth Streets. Coachmen and their families, who lived over the stables in the "mews", came to the pumps for water since they had none in their homes. The "mews" were alleyways made just wide enough for a vehicle to turn in them. All this was told me by my cousin Maud Henry who frequently visited her Grandmother in Ninth Street. Unfortunately, I never knew any of my grandparents and now I am a Great Grand Granny!

I had a beautiful white Spitz dog. He was a very sagacious animal. Every Friday, the day the laundress washed him, he would go up to the third floor landing and put his nose to the wall. He thought he would not be seen. One day he was lost and I was frantic! We advertised and mentioned the only thing which distinguished him—a "pink nose". This description, with the twenty-five-dollar reward, did the trick. One summer I had him shaved and he looked so terrible that I cried and cried. I think that now it would take more than a shaved dog to make me shed tears. My love for dogs continues throughout my life, but while the children were very young I thought it inadvisable to keep

one. Long afterwards, when Nancy came to live with me, I was persuaded to let her have a police dog which was loaned her by a friend.

My Spitz drew a good deal of attention in the old days. Whenever I was introduced to anyone, the usual remark was, "Oh, I have often seen you on Fifth Avenue, walking with a white dog and your wonderful hair braided down your back." My hair almost touched the hem of my dress. Alas, now that I look at the few strands left me, I know that years of brushing have not prevented those pigtails from becoming so short and thin.

In winter, of course, our pleasures were different. The weather was far colder then than now and we had white snow which was never cleared from our streets. The reason the snow kept white was because steam pipes for heating the buildings had not been laid under the streets. It wasn't cleared away because the "White-Wings" had not yet been inaugurated. Today few horses are seen on the streets and therefore the "White-Wings" no longer exist. They were the street cleaners. Now, since the streets are flushed with water, a much smaller street-cleaning force is necessary. In my youth everyone went sleighing. We used to put runners on our barouche and make a sleigh of it. Hot foot warmers of tin were put into sleighs and carriages, but they did little good. In fact, I think if one sat with one's feet in ice-cold water and rang a sleigh bell, one would have almost as much fun. Nevertheless, the

streets were very gay on a snowy afternoon at that period.

We usually went to New London for a few weeks during the summer. On the way back I was always on the lookout for the lamp posts and lights of the city as the train approached the tunnel. At about 120th Street the locomotive was detached and horses drew the train through Fourth Avenue to the depot at Twenty-sixth Street. To go home we used to cross Madison Square Park.

That park was a storm center during the draft riots of the Civil War period. Many lives were lost and there was much property damaged. Worst of all was the burning of the Colored Orphan Asylum. I remember how anxious we were because of all the violence.

During the last season when we were at New London, 1866, Julian and I shared a pony. One day I was riding and the groom, as usual, was leading the pony by a guiding strap. Suddenly the animal took fright and threw me. My skirt caught on the pommel of the saddle and I was dragged over the rough clam shells in the road. The road was being repaired and I suppose in that era clam shells were used instead of gravel.

When I finally got free, the pony galloped on past the house where mother and Jessie were awaiting my return. You may imagine their fright when they saw the riderless horse pass by! I was picked up by the Griswold family's nurse, Mary O'Keefe, who drove me home. Oddly enough, many years afterwards this same

nurse went to live with my sister-in-law, Agnes Wolff, and took care of her children, Lilian, Agnes and Alma.

My head was very severely cut. The family must have been very much frightened about me, for I remember that they sent for Washington to come to us at New London. I feel sure that some of my brains must have oozed out. Perhaps it is just as well. Otherwise my head might now be more "swollen" than it is and I would not be as much loved as I am.

When I got well, my father made me ride again. I was terribly frightened. But now I see it was due to his wisdom that I became a fine and fearless rider. When we returned home from the country, I would ride from Twenty-third Street to Central Park. Since the horse could not trot on the cobblestones, we proceeded at a walking pace and I had plenty of time to look around.

There were no stores on Fifth Avenue at that time. It was just becoming a handsome residential street and along each side were a few brownstone houses with high stoops, a few of which can be seen at this time. As I rode along, the groom followed a few feet behind. One day he suddenly became insane and had to be taken to an asylum. Luckily I was not riding with him that afternoon. There was a period of several years after my father's death when I didn't ride at all. I resumed the exercise after my engagement was announced. When I first got on a horse after that long absence from the saddle, I shook with fear. Moreover, as hard luck would have it, the strap of the stirrup

broke. I was riding side-saddle, of course, and the accident made it difficult to keep my seat. In spite of the danger, however, I regained my ease before I got home and my fear had vanished. So I went riding regularly. I looked very "swell" in my long riding habit, high hat and high riding boots. One of my first blunders in writing a check was when I paid for this riding habit. I wrote "one dollar" instead of "one hundred dollars."

But to go back to the sixties again, I remember that we spent one of those early summers at West Point. It must have been either in 1863 or 1864. We stayed at Cozzens' Hotel in the town some distance from the Military Academy. One day General Winfield Scott was at the hotel. I was made to sit on his lap and told to remember the fact always so that my children, grandchildren and great-grandchildren might know of this historic episode. The General died shortly afterwards. I watched his funeral parade and what impressed me most about it was that his riderless horse was led and that his cavalry boots were fastened to the saddle so that the toes in the stirrups turned tailwards.

It must have been about this time, perhaps 1865, that we spent the summer at Long Branch. There we stayed at the Stetson House which was later called the West End Hotel. You will see further on that this hotel played an important part in my life. At this time, I can also remember my fight with Kate Camblos. She said something derogatory about the Jews. I refused to play with her or talk to her. But after a while, be-

cause she almost went down on her knees to get back into my good graces, I forgave her. In the following pages, you will read a similar incident which shows how my son Arthur inherited his loyalty to our people.

When I was ten years old I had Scarlet Fever and Diphtheria. I contracted the diseases from my chums, Agnes and Annie Lazarus, and I was desperately ill. My mother and my aunts, Clara Nathan and Miriam Judah, who lived with us, nursed me. There were no trained nurses in those days. Night after night they sat up and cared for me. One night, in heating water for me on an alcohol lamp, Mother's hand caught fire and was severely burned. I remember my dear father sitting at my bedside, no doubt praying for my recovery. He wrote a letter to Estelle who was staying with Sarah in Philadelphia which, I think, shows the deep love he had for me.

"Our dear Nan has passed a terrible night. She was delirious until one o'clock when we sent for the Doctor. He did not like some of her symptoms. . . . Three were here. They were doing everything in their power and only feared the throat. They ordered her removed from her room to the front which was accomplished and thank God I think she is more comfortable. . . . Oh my children, you can well imagine our deep anxiety. Last night there was no speaking to each other. We looked into each other's faces and our looks betrayed our fears. For three nights neither of your aunts nor your mother has been to bed. Their looks tell the anguish of their hearts. May our Heavenly Father bless our beloved child and through His Goodness restore her to us."

My niece Emily, Jessie's baby, was living with us at

that time because her mother had gone to Europe on account of illness. No special precautions were taken to prevent her or any of the family from contracting the disease. Fortunately, no one did. My brothers and sisters used to sit in my room trying to amuse me. I had the entire third floor and was moved from room to room so that each could be aired. When the doctors came into the house each morning, they would ask if I were still alive. I remember the dates of that illness so well because I went to bed on mother's birthday, February 4th and got up on St. Patrick's Day, March 17th.

It was at about this era that a great occasion took place. Either in 1866 or 1867 my Aunt Grace and her husband, Rev. Jacques J. Lyons, celebrated their silver wedding. Although it was a grown-up affair, I was allowed to go. Good time as I had, I still had no idea what this evening was to mean to me. For it was then I met my future husband, Julius Reuben Wolff who was born in La Guaira, Venezuela, S. A. in 1849, consequently he was about 17 years old. It was Kismet for he had traveled many miles to meet me. It evidently was Love at first sight with each of us. He danced with me very often that night. When he went home he told his brother Aaron, that little Frances Nathan was going to be his wife!

Shortly afterwards, my sister Estelle gave a party and Julius was invited. He danced with me nearly all evening. The polka, just now coming into fashion, was

then popular. So was the waltz, of course, and the square dances which were great fun. Best of all was the German, a very fashionable dance. The guests stayed until two o'clock in the morning, but I was sent to bed earlier. I hated to leave Julius without a partner and so felt quite badly.

Shortly afterward I was allowed to give a party. This was partly because mother wanted to make further use of the decorations which consisted of huge pyramids of nougat and other sweets. When the date of my party was settled, there was quite a discussion as to whether I could invite my new beau. It was a question whether such a grown-up young man should come to a ten-year-old child's party. But I won out and he came. It was nearly eight years later before I saw him again.

The summer following my long illness the doctors recommended a lengthy sojourn in the country for my convalescence. So father took a country place at Cornwall-on-Hudson called Idlewild which belonged to the poet Nathaniel P. Willis. I wish I could describe the beauty of the walks and grounds. I remember deep woods and little bridges spanning ravines. The whole place was very beautiful. Jessie had returned from Europe and she and her husband spent the rest of the summer with us. Father used to come up and go down to New York on the steamer "Mary Powell" and whenever I went with him I was allowed to sit in the captain's room. Naturally I felt very proud.

The following summer, we took a house at Sing Sing, now called Ossining. I visited the prison twice. What impressed me most was that coffee was made from toasted bread which the prisoners ground. Mr. Ketcham was the star prisoner. He was a gentleman forger and was on exhibition! No doubt, my father knew him before his imprisonment.

I also visited a meeting of the Shaking Quakers which was held in a tent. At first there was perfect quiet. Suddenly everyone rose and jumped up and down, chanting and singing. This made a great impression on me at the time and I can still remember the occasion perfectly. I was then eleven years old and am now eighty-one years young.

I loved to hitch behind ice carts. One day at Sing Sing I saw a long wagon and thought it would be great fun to climb into it for a ride. I sat upon a wooden box which was in the back. Upon passing our house I jumped out. Mother and my aunts were horrified—for it was an undertaker's wagon! Probably they expected that I would die that summer!

The following year, we rented the Quintard house at Stamford, Connecticut, where I spent the happiest year of my life. The house was made of brick. There was a stable and greenhouse where the most delicious grapes grew. A beautiful view of the Sound was visible from different parts of the grounds. There were many acres of land, but we only had the privilege of the vegetable and greenhouse products. You can imagine the

Grammar School No. 35.

13th STREET, near 6th AVENUE,

FIFTEENTH WARD.

Mr Wolff

Sir:

It becomes my pleasant duty to inform you that your son Julius has merited the approbation of his teacher.

During the present week he has recited correctly all his Lessons, has been punctual in attendance, and gentlemanly in deportment.

Very respectfully,

Thomas Hunter

PRINCIPAL.

New York,

Nov 8th, 1861

December & January

Monthly Report

OF

Miss Frances Nathan.

Attendance.

Punctual,	30	Mornings
Late,	2	"
Absent,	1	day

Lessons.

Perfect Lessons,	34.
Imperfect "	4.
Lost, "	1.

Deportment.

Violations,	3.

Miss Frances' attention to her studies has been such as to place her at the head of her class.

January 26th 1866. C E Broom

size of the house which easily accommodated so large a family as ours. True, our numbers were much reduced because four of the family were married. But even so there were gathered in the Quintard house my parents, three brothers, one sister, my two aunts, myself and many visitors. A few summers ago, upon discovering that the old place was on Strawberry Hill, I revisited it with my children and grandchildren.

When we returned to New York from Stamford that autumn I was sent to Miss Brown's private school. I enjoyed my studies so much that I was usually at the head of my class. On the preceding pages you will see replicas of one of my reports and one of my husband's. Thomas Hunter, who signed the latter as the Principal of the Fifteenth Ward Grammar School, founded the women's Normal School which was called Hunter College in his honor.

At the age of eleven I began attending Dodsworth's Dancing School, then located at Twenty-sixth Street and Fifth Avenue, three blocks from my home. I came home always a little late for dinner. It was saved for me on a hotwater plate and I enjoyed the meat and vegetables all cut up and mixed together. Perhaps that is why I do not like separate plates for everything. Bread-and-butter plates were then unknown. The rolls or bread were put on the tablecloth and butter was never served at dinner. This was not merely because we did not eat butter and meat together, but because

it was no more the style then than now. See Emily Post's book on Etiquette.

I had lots of fun at Dodsworth's and many beaux. Two of these were Frank Burton and Jim Phipps, who often came to see me—especially on New Year's Day when I received callers just like my elder sisters. Dodsworth used to line up the girls on one side and the boys on the other side of the room. At a signal, the boys would rush to get the girls they wanted. Then both Frank and Jim would make a dash for me. When the boys were obstreperous, Dodsworth would take them by the ear and march them around the room.

After a year or two of tuition, the best dancers were allowed to attend a Wednesday evening class and I was among them. I loved to dance the Court Quadrille, a dance which was made up of sixteen couples. Four couples would go forward, bow, return to their places and then form "the grand chain." We also danced the Lancers, another square dance. Of course, the polka and waltz were then fashionable.

When Commencement time came around at Mrs. Brown's private school, I took the prize and was given a copy of Gray's *Elegy* which I still cherish. Before that occasion I was highly nervous and slept badly, wondering if I were to be at the head of the class. As a result of getting so upset, it was decided that I was not to return to school the following autumn, but was to be taught at home. Miss Hastings, who later taught

my daughter Emily, was engaged to tutor me in English and Madame du Cayla taught me French.

I started English lessons at 8:30 in the morning five times a week, had French three times a week and music twice a week. My teachers were not all equally successful in imparting their knowledge to me. I remember that my French had to be written in exercise books. I was a pretty good French scholar, but, having seldom any occasion to talk with anyone, my French conversation lacked fluency. After Madame du Cayla stopped coming to me regularly for lessons, she had a class for conversation at her house. There I met Clara Wales who married Elihu Root. Another classmate was Fannie Work, one of the most beautiful girls I ever knew. Later she married W. Burke Roche and is still living. Shortly before her husband's death he became Lord Fermoy.

At music I was not a success. Mr. Leibling and Mr. Von Breuning were my teachers. The latter often told me that he intended to have a headache on the next lesson day. Evidently he wanted to go elsewhere. I doubt if I told mother, for I was much too glad of the opportunity for a holiday. After I was married, I tried to resume my music, but in vain. The climax came one day when I thought I would practice an hour or so and forget for a bit that I was a mother and housekeeper. Hardly had I begun, when John's nurse appeared with the child in her arms. She asked me to take care of him

while she cleaned a room or washed diapers. I got up from the piano in one of my sweet tempers and said I would never touch the keys again!

In the summer of 1870 father took a house in Morristown, New Jersey. The Smiths, including Jenny of whom I have already spoken, were boarding near our house and I remember Alva who later married, first W. K. Vanderbilt and then O. H. P. Belmont, coming for dinner. She was so glad that she could get some home-cooked food!

To this day, I can visualize the room in the house at Morristown where I was sitting hemming an apron when the fatal telegram was brought to mother. The day before father had gone into town to keep the anniversary of his mother's death according to Jewish tradition. But we had no premonition of any ill to him until mother tore open the yellow envelope. "Come to New York at once. An accident has happened to Uncle Ben." Such was the message signed by my cousin Julius Lyons.

At the station at Morristown we heard part of the truth. Father, who had been staying at the Twenty-third Street house that night with Frederick and Washington went to bed as usual. Next morning when my brothers went to wake him, they found him dead. The terrible shock was made more awful by the realization that he, a man without enemies, had been murdered.

The world was shocked by the foul murder. Mother offered a large reward for the arrest of the slayer. The

New York Stock Exchange offered ten thousand dollars for the finding of the inhuman man. The Exchange was closed the day of the funeral. God gave my dear mother strength to bear her grief. Each year at the anniversary of his death, no matter how far away in the country she might be, she never missed coming to New York to go to the Synagogue. It always seemed a strange paradox that father should have met his death coming from the country to attend service at the Synagogue held on the anniversary of his mother's death.

Since I was so young, many facts were kept from me. On our arrival from Morristown, we were met in New York by several members of the family and all went immediately to our house. I was not allowed to see my father's dear body and the newspapers were kept out of my sight. At first, I could not quite realize the tragedy of my saintly father's death. But a night or two after the funeral I woke up in the middle of the night and I felt something change inside my body. It seemed as if my heart became cold. Grief and the realization of what had happened gripped me. In that hour I think I changed from a lively child to a mournful woman. With all my subsequent sorrows, none ever seemed to stand out as did this first grief. I idolized my father and he, me.

He had devoted much of his life to the service of others. He had long served as President of Mount Sinai Hospital and was at one time President of the Congregation Shearith Israel, or, as it is sometimes called, the

Spanish and Portuguese Synagogue, the oldest one in America. He was for a considerable period Vice-president of the New York Stock Exchange, a member of which he was until the time of his death. He was also a member of the Union Club, Union League Club and St. Nicholas Society. One could only become a member of the latter if one's ancestors had lived in New York before 1787.

An interesting document for my descendants to read is a copy of a letter received in 1852 from the President of the New York Stock Exchange, upon the occasion of my grandfather's death.

New York Stock and Exchange Board
31 May 1852

To Benj Nathan Esq.
and other of the family of the late Seixas Nathan

At a regular meeting of the "New York Stock and Exchange Board" held this day, the following Resolutions were unanimously adopted

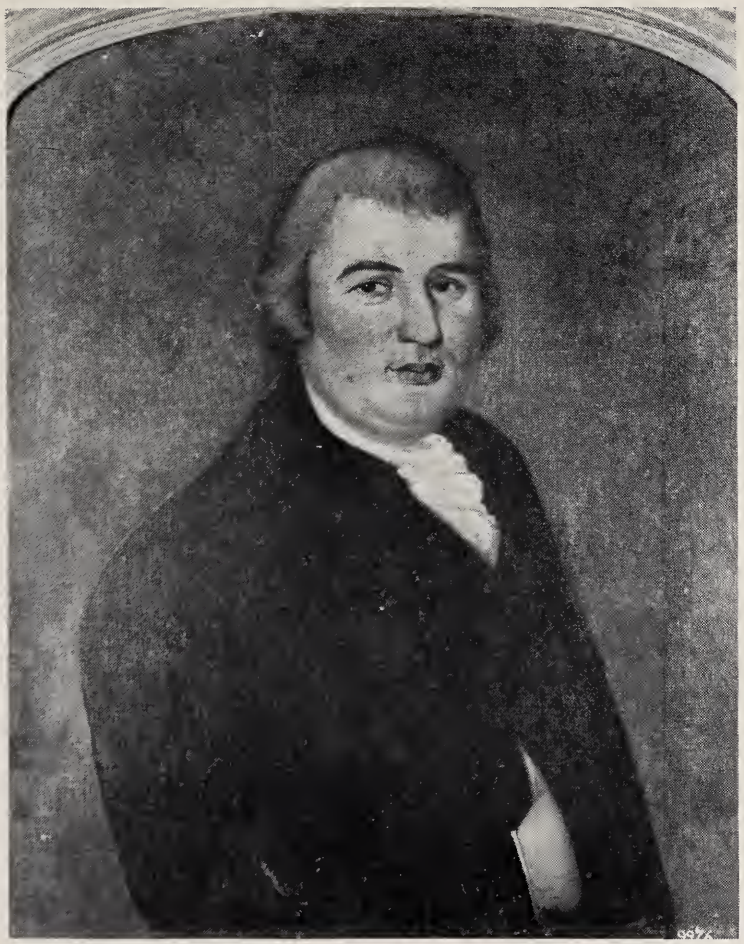
RESOLVED: That the Board have heard with deep regret of the death of their late fellow member, Seixas Nathan.

RESOLVED: That the members of the Board sympathize with the friends and relatives of the deceased under their afflicting bereavement.

In conveying to you officially the foregoing Resolutions, I beg to add the expression of my personal sympathy.

(Signed) Chas. R. Marvin
President

Later on, the following interesting clipping, dated May 17th, 1893 was taken from the Kiernan News Agency:



JOSHUA ISAACS
My Great-Grandfather

JUSTINA LAZARUS ISAACS
My Great-Grandmother

This day is the one hundredth anniversary of the organization of the New York Stock Exchange. The founders of the organization met for the purpose under a tree in front of the Merchants' Exchange, the site of the present Custom House. Of the founders there are but five descendants who are members of the Stock Exchange today. Those are Harmon H. Hart, Albert Hendricks and the three Nathan brothers, Harmon, Frederick and Julian. The great-grandfather of these five gentlemen was Benjamin Seixas and the grandfather of Harmon H. Hart was Bernard Hart. Bernard Hart married a daughter of Benjamin Seixas, and both father-in-law and son-in-law were among the founders of the Exchange.

Bernard Hart was for thirty-three years Keeper of the Rolls of the Exchange, a position similar to that now occupied by Secretary George W. Ely. In the hundred years which have elapsed since the organization there has always been some representatives of the Hart-Seixas-Nathan-Hendricks line in the membership of the Board.

My father had a beautiful nature! I can recall one day his walking up and down his room saying: "Why didn't I give that man some money; he may have been hungry." He was referring to a man who had come to the house begging. In his will, he remembered his sisters and many charitable institutions with substantial legacies. At that time he was considered rich, but today his fortune would be considered small.

During my father's life, I used to take his deposits to the Second National Bank which was then at Fifth Avenue and Twenty-third Street. Later, when I was entrusted by my mother with a bank account, I placed the money there and for many years after I was married I continued to bank there. I also had a vault in the

building where I kept my few securities and stocks and bonds. Some years afterwards, I moved to 33 West 69th Street and found it inconvenient to bank as far downtown as Twenty-eighth Street and Fifth Avenue, where the bank had moved. I decided to look elsewhere nearer to where I lived.

I visited several banks and finally selected the United States Mortgage & Trust Co., now known as Chemical Bank and Trust Company at Seventy-third Street and Broadway. I then had to transfer my small individual fortune to my vault at the new bank. I took a Fifth Avenue bus, a piece of brown paper and string in my hand and went to the Second National Bank. I wrapped my bonds, stocks and the lease of my Fifty-fourth Street house and a few other important documents in the brown paper, took the bus to Seventy-third Street and deposited the contents in my new vault. It was only after I reached home that I realized how foolish I had been to risk so much in going alone in a bus. I might have been robbed, taken ill or have lost the parcel.

Chapter Four

A FEW DAYS after father's funeral, we moved to the Albemarle Hotel at Twenty-fifth Street and Fifth Avenue. It was thought best for mother and the rest of the family to move away from such sad associations as the old house held for us. To me, going away from sorrow can never obliterate it and I have always felt that I was nearer to the one I loved when staying where we had been happy.

Everyone was most kind and sympathetic. Although I was only thirteen, many older persons came to see me and took me out. Especially loving were all my cousins, the Lazaruses—from Sarah, the eldest to Agnes and Annie who, as I have already told you, were my chums. If we were not able to see each other often, they would write to me. Emma and Washington were very close friends and her poem *Lohengrin* was dedicated to him. A few months after moving to the Albemarle Hotel, we rented a house at 562 Fifth Avenue at the corner of Forty-sixth Street. Although so far from Fourteenth Street where Agnes and Annie lived, we saw each other nearly every day. Of course there were no telephones, so Uncle Sam's postmen often carried our letters.

When I was about fourteen years old, mother subscribed to an illustrated Bible. I took great interest in reading each number as it came out and on an ancient

map followed the wanderings of the children of Israel after they were expelled by Pharaoh. When the last installment came mother had them all bound and now the book is my family Bible. In it I have written the name of my grandchild, Frances Nathan Jacobs and I hope it will be treasured by her many descendants. I tried to secure a similar Bible later to give to my grandson Edgar for an engagement present, but it was out of print.

My ambition was to become an author. I also had a desire to become a Sister of Charity, perhaps because of the costume which I thought would be rather becoming to me! I started to collect interesting anecdotes about noted persons. The few I jotted down were not enough to put into this book, but I did try in my childish language to express my feelings about the Jewish religion. The foreword of the few leaves that I wrote, reads:

"Herein I shall copy expressions and sayings from English and French authors which appear to me either very beautiful, true or comical. Should I prove capable, I shall make a few remarks on such quotations as I see fit.

"If by any possible chance, this book attains any value, I dedicate it most humbly and lovingly to the memories of my Father and Sister Estelle.

"May God in his Infinite Mercy, watch over me and mine in this world of sorrow and woe."

I was much impressed by the following chapter from the Bible and it found its way into my book:

"Hear O Israel, the Lord our God! The Lord is one.

(Blessed be the name of the glory of his kingdom for ever and ever.) And thou shalt love the Lord thy God with all thy heart, and with all thy soul, and with all thy might. And these words which I command thee this day, shall be in thy heart. And thou shalt teach them diligently unto thy children and shalt speak of them when thou walkest by the way; when thou liest down, and when thou risest up. And thou shalt bind them for a sign upon thy hand, and they shall be as frontlets between thy eyes. And thou shalt write them upon the door-posts of thy house, and upon thy gates."

Deut. VI. 4—10

In the preceding page, our whole religion is explained. The Unity of God, the reverencing and blessing of His Name; then, wishing us to love Him, even to write upon our houses and gates the holy words, so as not to forget for one instant our duty towards Him. Therefore, I pray to Thee, my heavenly Father, to teach me to love Thee and to guide me in the path of righteousness, that I may ever be charitable to the poor, and obedient to my mother and prove myself worthy to be her daughter.

This is the beginning and end of my little notebook and also of my hopes of ever becoming an author.

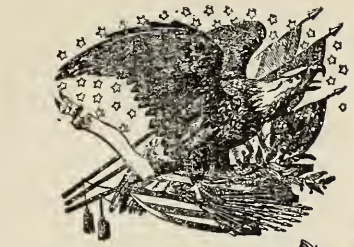
I used to read and write in my study. Its walls were decorated with photographs and among them were pictures of Scott and Goethe. I was a great admirer of their works and read practically all of them. I also read all the classics which were popular in those days—Bulwer, Thackeray, Dickens. I commenced to learn the German language, but gave it up when other interests took its place. In other words, I became engaged to be married. But I don't believe I ever could have mas-

tered German because my tongue refused to pronounce the words of that language.

It was in this little study of mine that I indulged in what was at that time a very unladylike pastime. I smoked cigarettes. I don't think any of the family were aware of that vice, as it would have been called in those days. Today on the contrary, a woman is mid-Victorian if a cigarette isn't always either in her mouth or her hand.

Many years later when I went to Delmonico's with Aaron Wolff and Louis and Lily Levy, I saw for the first time men smoking in the café where men and women were allowed to eat. I think if a woman had put a cigarette into her mouth that night, the Police would have been called and the place raided!

It was some time in 1873 when I met Julius Wolff again. I went down to the pier to meet Julian who was returning from Europe. They had come back on the same steamer! The astonishment of seeing Julius once more, however, was lost in the excitement of a thrilling episode which took place on the pier. The wharfs or piers at that time were made mostly of wood and were lighted with oil lamps. As the steamer touched the pier, the whole side crashed in and all the lights went out. Then the roof started to fall. Like a horse at a fire, I started to run into the debris, but Alfred Lyons pulled me from under the falling rafters and saved my life. Evidently the sight of me again brought back to my admirer memories of our first meeting when he had



United States of America,

State of New York, City and County of New York.

Be it Known that on the Seventh day of April in the year of our Lord One Thousand Eight Hundred and Seventy Three

Julius Reuben Wolff

appeared in the **Court of Common Pleas for the City and County of New York,** (the said Court being a Court of Record having Common Law Jurisdiction, and a Clerk and Seal), and applied to the said Court to be admitted to become a **Citizen of the United States of America,** pursuant to the directions of the several Acts of Congress of the United States of America. And the said applicant having thereupon produced to the Court such proof, and having made such declaration and renunciation, and having taken such oaths as are by the said Acts required, IT WAS ORDERED BY THE SAID COURT that the said applicant be admitted to become a

Citizen of the United States of America,

AND HE WAS THEREUPON ADMITTED ACCORDINGLY

In Testimony Whereof the Seal of the said Court is hereto affixed, this Seventh day of April 187 3 in the Ninety Seventh year of the Independence of the United States of America.

By the Court,

Clerk.

CITIZENSHIP PAPER

THE UNITED STATES OF AMERICA

To all to whom these Presents shall come Greeting

I the undersigned Secretary of State of the United States of America hereby request all whom it may concern to permit safely and freely to pass Julius Reuben Wolff

a Citizen of the United States, and in case of need to give him all lawful Aid and Protection.

Given under my hand and the impression of the Seal of the Department of State at the City of Washington the 9th day of April A. D. 1873 in the 97 Year of the Independence of the United States

No 28908

DESCRIPTION.

Age 23 Years.
Stature 5 Feet 8½ Inches Engl.
Forehead low
Eyes black
Nose straight
Mouth small
Chin round
Hair black
Complexion dark
Face oval

Signature of the Bearer
J. R. Wolff

MY HUSBAND'S PASSPORT

said I was to be his wife. For he immediately asked to call and see me.

I was by no means indifferent to this interest. When the elevated railroad was first erected, I used to walk with Washington to Fifty-ninth Street and Ninth Avenue and there I would meet my beau. I did not tell my brother what was my object in taking that walk.

This first elevated road was begun in 1868 and ran then only from Battery Place to Cortland Street. By 1876 it ran as far as Sixty-first Street and in 1916 was linked to the Sixth Avenue L. You see how long I have lived in New York. For I was one of the first to ride on the Elevated and I could have been the last passenger on the Sixth Avenue L before it was demolished. As I write in January, 1939 this demolishment is taking place.

Horses were so frightened when they first saw trains running high up in the air, that they would plunge and go wild. In order to accustom them to the sight, stablemen would lead them to a place near the railroad and hold them while trains passed. They would kick and rear and would have to be soothed and made to feel that no harm was coming to them.

In this age, one is surprised to see a horse. Probably, in the next generation, children will only know of the horse by picture books in which all other strange animals are designated! What fun I used to have with a Noah's Ark and a "pretty village" with trees, cottages and horses which went into their stalls. Oh my! And

the grocery stores with bins filled with real spices, sugar, tea, etc. Now the children go to an "educational toy shop"! I have never been to one but have seen a few of the toys with which Ann and Frances play, and they are really very constructive. Please don't think that I disapprove of the new ways but I wonder if the modern child enjoys life as much as we did in our day.

Have you ever, when riding in the elevated trains, looked down into the street when passing Fourteenth, Twenty-third or Forty-second Street? One day I was attracted by a glimpse of everyone either walking very fast, or running, as if their last day on earth was near. I have no doubt that, had I been in the street, I would have done the same, always striving to catch a car as if another would not be at my disposal in another ten minutes.

This reminds me of a story about two Japanese officials who were being taken to see the sights of New York. They boarded a subway train. At the station downtown, they were told to change from a local to an express train. They inquired why. It would save time, they were told. How much will it save, they asked. About five minutes, was the reply. And what will you do with the five minutes?——

Another memory of the period of my girlhood was of the boarding-school parades. Every day, two by two, girls from the various boarding-schools were to be seen walking up Fifth Avenue with a teacher. Of course they wore bustles and dresses which swept the

FRANCES LOUISA NATHAN
1874

JULIUS R. WOLFF
1874

pavement. I have not seen such a parade for many, many years. Since girls are now sent to preparatory schools near a college or in the suburbs, I doubt if there are many boarding schools in New York.

By the time I was fifteen or sixteen, I had grown to be a very pretty girl. Anyway, you will have to take my word for it. It can't be refuted as I do not think anyone now living remembers me at that time.

Just before I was engaged, we returned, after a ten-year absence, to West Point for a summer season. There one of my admirers came to see me. Of course he wanted to go through "Flirtation Walk." I complied, but rushed him through in order to get back to the hotel as soon as possible. Not very romantic or pleasing to him!

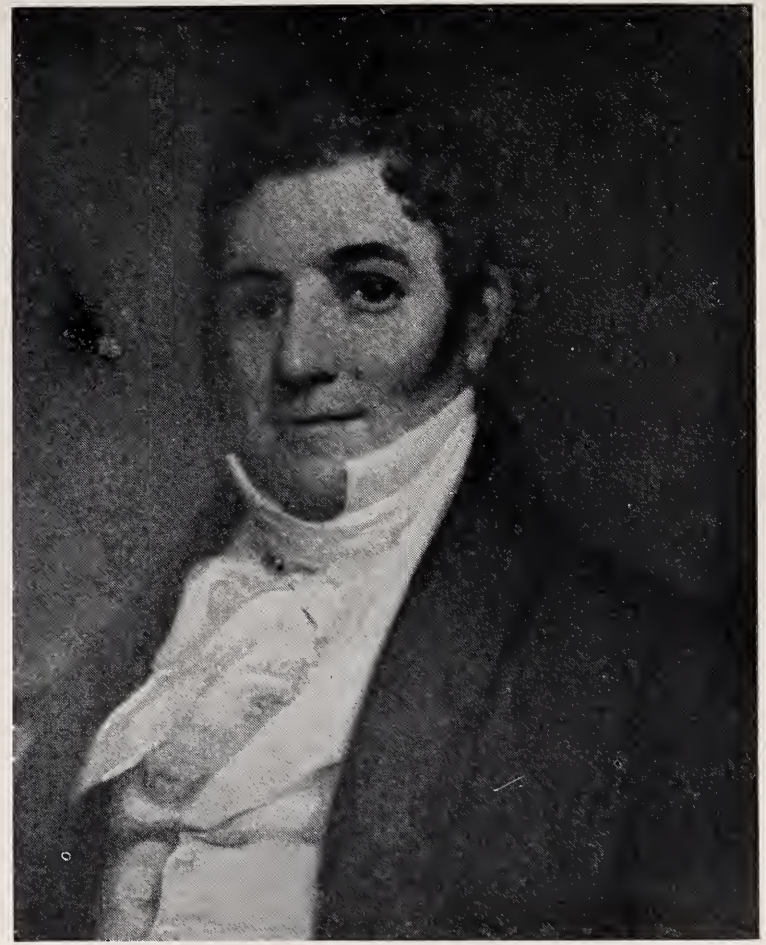
I was taken ill at West Point in the middle of the night. Mother sent for a doctor from the Army barracks. A young doctor answered the call dressed in his regimentals including white gloves. He was embarrassed and seemed afraid to look at me or touch me. I don't believe he knew what ailed me or what medicine to give me. He probably had never seen a young girl in bed, as his job was with the army men. But, like the cat with nine lives, I survived.

About this time, we went to Niagara Falls. We traveled half the night arriving there at 2 A. M. I don't know why we arranged the trip in that way. I remember sitting up next to Frederick and dozing. To this day, I have never been in a sleeper—not that I would

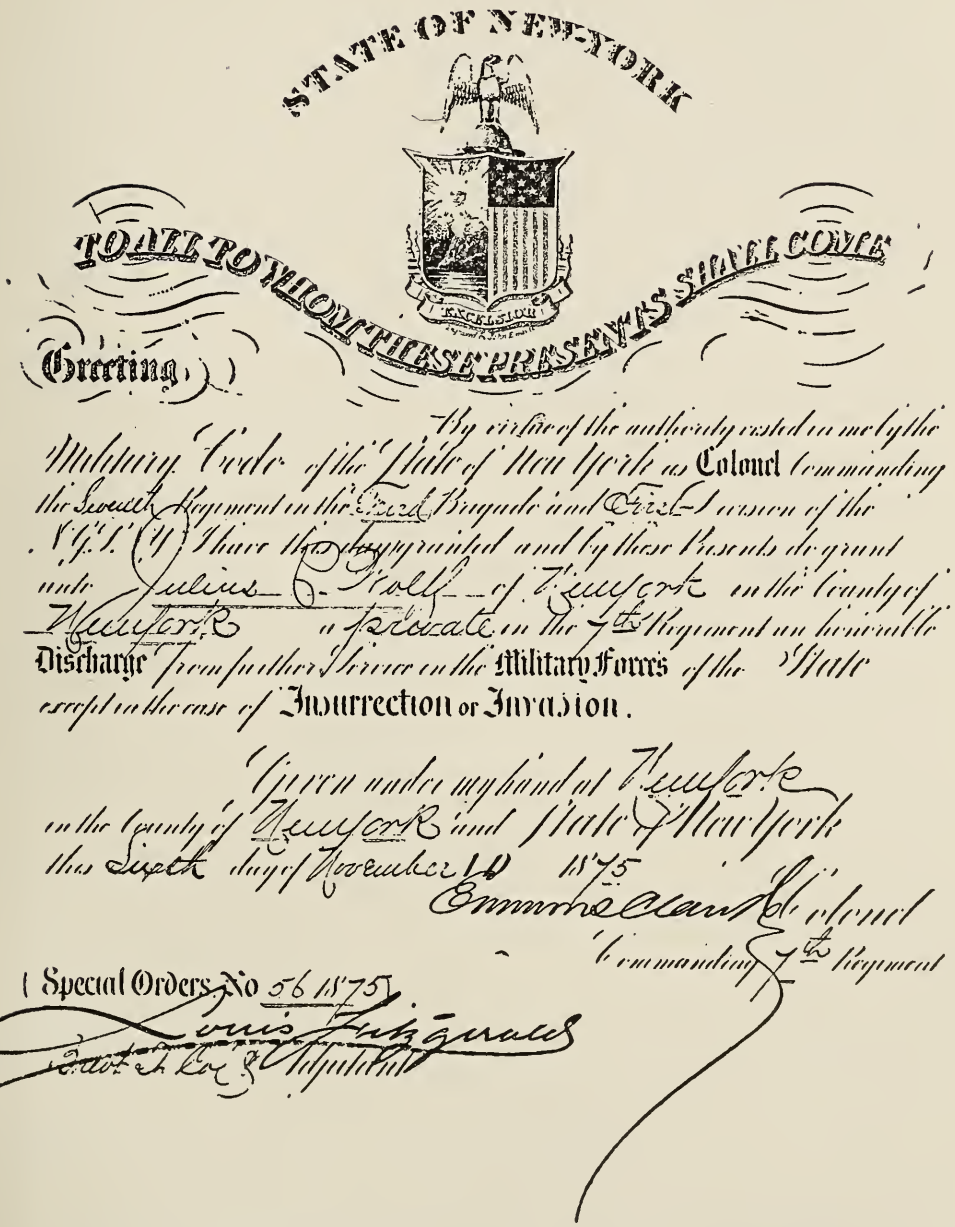
seriously object—but I have never had occasion to take a night trip, always preferring an all day one. We stayed two weeks at Niagara and enjoyed it very much. Mother always had her meals in the sitting room and never ate meat at hotels on account of the Dietary Laws. She and all of us always returned to New York for the anniversary of Father's death and attended service at the synagogue. Since my mother's, husband's and daughter's death, I too have followed her example and whenever possible, I attend service for my loved ones. Mother's one request to me was to light the Sabbath candles and I have always done so.

There was a family feud between the Montagues and Capulets, or rather, the Montague Hendrickses and the Benjamin Nathans. Some family difference, of which I know very little, was the cause. None of the brothers or sisters or their children visited each other. Alfred Lyons and Charlie Hendricks were quite intimate with me. The latter, being a "Montague" was not allowed to visit the house and they spent many evenings with me between the front doors, or, if warm enough, on the stoop. After I married, the feud was buried and the children on both sides visited one another. When I was engaged, I had to go to see my sister-in-law Agnes at her parents' house in West End, New Jersey. I was scared to death for fear I would meet my Uncle Montague Hendricks as he looked so formidable. He was short and fairly stout. His wife, Aunt Rachel, and I were very fond of one another and had nice chats to-

FRANCES ISAACS HENDRICKS
My Grandmother



HARMON HENDRICKS
My Grandfather



STATE OF NEW-YORK

EXCELSIOR

TO ALL TO WHOM THESE PRESENTS SHALL COME

Greeting

By virtue of the authority vested in me by the Military Code of the State of New York as Colonel commanding the Seventh Regiment in the Second Brigade and First Division of the N.G.S.(N.Y.) I have this day granted and by these Presents do grant unto Julius [illegible] Stoll of Newyork in the County of Newyork a Private in the 7th Regiment an honorable Discharge from further Service in the Military Forces of the State except in the case of Insurrection or Invasion.

Given under my hand at Newyork in the County of Newyork and State of New York this Sixth day of November 1875

Emmons Clark Colonel

Commanding 7th Regiment

Special Orders No 56 1875

Louis Fitzgerald

Asst Adt Gen'l

HONORABLE DISCHARGE FROM THE 7TH REGIMENT

gether, but Uncle Montague always stayed out of range.

The summer following our season at West Point we went to Saratoga and stayed at the U. S. Hotel, where Mr. Wolff, as I then called him, came to see me. That winter, a large fair was given for the benefit of the Mt. Sinai Hospital which lasted for about two weeks. I went there every evening but one and that one Mr. Wolff spent with me. I told him that he must not be seen with me so often as people were beginning to talk about us. In those days, one had to be very careful not to give Mrs. Grundy anything to talk about.

In April 1876, I had rather a serious illness, an abscess under my arm. Doctors Metcalf and Polk were the physicians. Doctor Wm. H. Van Buren, the most eminent surgeon of that day performed the operation. I had to take ether and it had such a bad effect on me that I decided I would never take it again unless absolutely necessary. The day of the operation, my best beau sent me a basket of beautiful flowers. Baskets of all shapes were then the fashion instead of loose flowers which are now used. Rosalie was very anxious to know who had sent it but I did not tell her. Of course the flowers came from my future husband.

The following letter sent him about that time may be of interest because it shows the formality and dignity characteristic of the days of my youth in constrast to the familiarity of present-day manners.

My dear Mr. Wolff,

You are so anxious to know when my arm is to be cut that

"MISS FRANCES" AND "MR. WOLFF"

I will let you profit by first thoughts and say that perhaps it will not be cut at all as the Doctors want to give it a chance to disappear. I should think you would be sick of my arm, and I may add, myself. . . . I took a short ride in the victoria today and the park was lovely. I bowed to a man whom I thought was Mr. Owens and who was sitting in the park enjoying nature just as we did yesterday.

Goodbye.

Yours sincerely,
Frances

The abscess which formed did not disappear, so it had to be cut. I adhered to my resolution and refused to take ether. The two doctors came. Doctor Polk grabbed my shoulders. I was seated on a chair. From under Doctor Van Buren's coat sleeve the knife slipped out and he cut the abscess. Can you imagine surgeons today operating with instruments not sterilized?

A few evenings afterward, Mr. Wolff proposed to me. We sat in the parlor and the doors were open leading to the dining room where mother and my two aunts were seated, so our conversation had to be in low tones. Associated with Wolff Brothers in Wall Street, he was already a successful businessman. But although I was glad to be with him and liked him better than any of my admirers, I was undecided as to whether I wanted to be married. He insisted on being engaged to me, and gave me the little guard ring which I still wear, but I would not allow him to think I was engaged to him.

I consulted my dear mother, but she would not ad-

vise me. This was on May 25th, 1876. A week or two afterwards mother decided to take me away to see if I missed seeing him. We went to the Delaware Water Gap and Sarah went with us. I was not very happy and one day when we were out driving Sarah said, "I wish, Frances, that you would never go away again without Julius Wolff." Little did she know the tumult that was going on inside of me.

Upon returning home, I finally decided to become engaged. On June 22nd, 1876 the engagement was announced. Few were surprised. Perhaps the one exception was Julian. The fact that my "beau" had come to see me nearly every evening should have been an eye-opener to what would happen.

The following year mother and I and several of the family went to Saratoga. We did not remain there all summer, but spent part of it at Long Branch—probably because Julius could commute to that resort and because mother wished to go to New York for father's anniversary. Before our engagement it was always "Miss Frances" and "Mr. Wolff" when we addressed one another. But now that our engagement had been announced it was "Frances" and "Julius." That summer was one of the hottest I ever experienced and Julius and I would sit on the beach and look at the moon, talking of our future.

The Centennial Fair was being held in Philadelphia. Of course I was anxious to go and see it. My Aunt Miriam Judah, Emita Wolff, who afterwards married

JULIUS AND FRANCES
"Who's the Boss?"

Lewis May, and Madeline Nathan, another of my chums, went to Philadelphia with me. We four had one large room at the hotel. Every place was so overcrowded that we were lucky to secure even that one. My fiancé came down to the fair and took us around daily. I remember how huge the buildings seemed, what fun we had and how tired I got. But I don't remember very much about the exhibits.

I was then a teacher in the Sunday School of the Spanish and Portuguese Synagogue which met in the Harvard Room on Sixth Avenue near Forty-second Street. I do not believe I was a very competent teacher but the books we had no doubt explained all the questions that I was unable to answer.

My life will probably seem rather a paradox when I tell you, after the above, of the fears I had concerning Aunt Clara's parrot, who, fortunately for me, did not talk a great deal. Girls must be girls, just as boys must be boys, and when my chums came to see me they would teach the parrot words and expressions, which to say the least, were not used in polite society. I knew that if the bird were to repeat them I would be blamed. None of my persuasive powers could stop them. What a feeling of relief I had when I found that none of the conversations had been repeated!

Chapter Five

Soon came the question—when was the marriage to take place? The family thought it time enough later on, but we thought otherwise. So February 14th, 1877 was designated—St. Valentine's Day and Ash Wednesday. My old nurse Bridget was rather provoked at the latter date because it meant that she would not be able to eat meat at the feast.

The house at 683 Fifth Avenue was beautifully decorated. Ice cream, cakes, mottoes, etc. were supplied by Mazzetti who afterwards served the weddings of Emily and Frances. It was a small wedding, but after including some of my cousins and our intimate friends, the number reached about one hundred.

The ceremony was scheduled for four-thirty and I was determined to be on time. I was so punctual that, although they were only two or three minutes late, two of my guests were barred out. They were Comptroller Meyers and his wife who was my cousin, née Rosalie Hart.

I walked down the aisle on the arm of Frederick who took the place of my father. There were six bridesmaids and six groomsmen. Julius with his brother followed me. Then came my mother with her escort—I cannot recall the name—and the rest of the family. It was a dignified procession, very different from pres-

ent-day customs which permit the groom to emerge from a side door with his best man, while the bride and her bridesmaids without the mother come down to the place where the ceremony is to be performed.

As the dinner was to be strictly Kosher or according to the Dietary Laws, mother engaged Emily Murray

Mrs. Benjamin Nathan
requests the pleasure of your company
at the marriage of her daughter,
Miss Frances Louisa Nathan,
to
Mr. Julius R. Wolff,
on Wednesday, February fourteenth,
at half past four o'clock.

683 Fifth Avenue.

and her son three days before the wedding to do the cooking. She was worthy of a *cordon bleu.* She prepared the chicken giblets in such a way that many thought the dish was real terrapin.

My uncle, Rev. Jacques J. Lyons, performed the ceremony. I asked him to make the service as short as possible and in nine minutes I was a married woman. After the dinner a German or Cotillion was led by Frederick. Of course I was his partner.

The wedding broke up about ten o'clock and I can recall going upstairs to change from my wedding dress to a traveling dress. A maid, who was on the stairway, called me "Mrs. Wolff" which rather startled me.

A rather embarrassing episode took place when I arrived at the hotel. Bridget had forgotten to put my wrapper in my bag, so I had to wear my sealskin coat in its place. The wrapper was sent to me the next day. We went to Washington and there I contracted a sore throat. In gargling, I thought I would choke to death —not very romantic for a wedding tour. We were away about one week and on our return to New York we went to mother's. Frederick gave up his room to us and we were very happy.

In August we moved into our own home at 47 West 54th Street. Of course, I wanted the house properly consecrated. This means that the Mezuzzah, or Shemang enclosed in a small tubular case, is placed on the door post and gates of the house. Selections from the Bible are read and a loaf of bread, salt and wine, which

are placed on the table, are partaken of by the Minister when he reaches certain points in the service. Because my uncle, Rev. Jacques J. Lyons, had just died, Rev. H. Pereira Mendes consecrated my home.

The house seemed pretty big for us. I started with two maids and found out that with entertaining so much a third would be necessary. Quite a difference from the present time, when the young wives do all the work and do it well too, but it would not have been possible with a four-story house.

I am sure my grandchildren will gasp at the state dinners I served when I was first married. First—soup and sherry wine, then an entree, then a roast—usually fillet of beef—and claret, then punch a la romaine, an ice with rum in it, they said to clean the mouth and whet the palate for a bird and champagne—then some kind of dessert, coffee and a pousse café, which was made of several cordials—after which the women left the table and retired to the parlor leaving the men to chat over their cigars.

One of my wedding presents from my mother was an old silver tea set. I was told I could have it as it was with a silver tray added but that if I wished to have it modernized, I could not have the tray. I chose the latter and the massive and very distinguished silverwork was melted down to a wee insignificant fashionable one. To add to my regret, I gave part of the set to Arthur some years ago and now I have only the small half.

Not long ago, I sent to the Jewish Historical Society, my father's and my Kethuba or marriage certificates, written in Hebrew. The former is over one hundred years old and the only one of its kind in the collection. Mine is of the usual type and, of course, not so old. These are reproduced on following pages.

Shortly after we were settled, David Wolff, my husband's brother, came to live with us and a room in the third floor was furnished for him. His married life was not very happy and at the present time we have lost sight of his descendants.

Our Sunday evenings were usually spent with numerous members of the family coming to the house and playing Lotto, now called Bingo. The basement was fitted up like a sitting room and we played there. My husband also had his whist games there.

Every year, during the feast of Purim, a public ball was given for charity. I remember one in particular which we attended and shortly after arriving I managed to slip on a domino and mask. When my husband came up to the box where I was seated with other friends, of course, he did not think I was one of the masked women, so I talked and jollied him for a long time before disclosing my identity. It was lots of fun!

Another ball which I was fortunate enough to have attended, was the brilliant ball given by the Commission appointed by the Governor of the State of New York to meet the Guests of the Nation at the Metropolitan Casino on the evening of Monday, November

KETHUBA

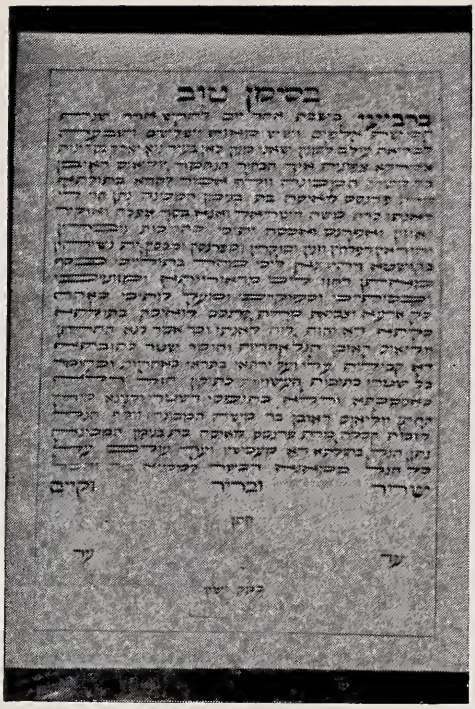
(TRANSLATION)

In the presence of the undersigned witnesses the unmarried man Benjamin, the son of Isaac Mendes Seixas, surnamed Nathan, came to the synagogue of the Holy Congregation Shearith Israel and there took under the canopy the maiden Emily Grace, daughter of Menachem, surnamed Hendricks, and married her with a golden marriage ring according to the law of Moses and Israel here in New York, Wednesday, the 9th day of Sivan 5596, since the creation of the world.

Benj Nathan, Bridegroom

M. L. Moses, Parnas, Witness
Asher Kursheedt, Witness

Isaac Mendes Seixas
Reader of the Congregation
Shearith Israel



KETHUBA

Translation of the Marriage Contract

On Wednesday, the first day of the month of Adar, 5637, since the creation of the world, according to the reckoning which we use here in the city of New York, the unmarried man Julius Reuben, son of Moses, surnamed Wolff, said to the maiden, Frances Louisa, daughter of Benjamin, surnamed Nathan, "Be thou my wife according to the law of Moses and Israel. And I will work for thee, honor, support and maintain thee as Jewish men work for, honor, support and maintain their wives in truth. And I will give thee thy virgin dower of two hundred zuz due thee according to the law of Moses, and thy food, thy clothing and thy needs, and will live with thee as man and wife." And the maiden consented and became his wife. And thus said to us (the witnesses), the bridegroom, Julius Reuben, herein mentioned. "The responsibility and duty of this marriage contract I have taken upon myself and upon my heirs after me, according to the obligation and duty of all marriage contracts drawn according to the ordinances of our sages of blessed memory and not as a voidable conditional contract, nor as a documentary form." And we, the undersigned witnesses, have carried out the symbolical delivery from Julius Reuben, son of Moses, surnamed Wolff, this bridegroom, to the maiden Frances Louisa, daughter of Benjamin, surnamed Nathan, of all that is written and set forth above, henceforth and forever, by means of a ring, a proper emblem of delivery, and all the foregoing is hereby ratified and confirmed.

Bridegroom
Julius Reuben Wolff

Witness
Gratz Nathan

Witness
Moses D. Henriques

Officiating Minister
J. J. Lyons

7, 1881 at 10 o'clock. It was a beautiful sight with the government attaches in full uniform. One of the notables was Mrs. Astor, who was wearing her famous stomacher of precious gems.

However, to return to my story, I had my domestic troubles. One maid was found by Bridget (who, by the way, came from Mother's daily to brush my hair and do other chores) wearing my white petticoats after I had put them in the wash. Of course, I could not tell her from whom I had heard about it, but told her I wished her to leave. I was trembling as she said she would not go until I gave her a reference. That I refused to do, and held my ground and she left without one. Another time I found that the maids had brought in some forbidden food, so I sent for Mother to help me iron out the trouble.

On August 26th, 1878, Emily was born. It was a great event for "little Nannie." I can picture Mother running into my room a few minutes after her birth with the prettiest baby in her arms and putting her next to me in bed. I looked and looked but did not dare touch her. She was the first "real" live infant I had ever seen and I thought if I touched her she would break. I tried very hard to nurse her but was unable to do so.

A wet nurse had to be found and the day she came I cried as I did not want anyone else to nourish my child. At first the nurse was all that could be desired, but soon she drank more than she could manage. One

day she didn't come home in time to nurse Emily. My husband and I were frantic and I sent him to look for her, not knowing just where she would be. However, he found her at her home nursing her own baby. She was to have stayed with us to nurse my second child who was then on the way.

The following January, my second great sorrow came in the death of my beloved mother. I stayed at her home six days and nights. She was hovering between life and death for two weeks. Pneumonia was the cause.

My two aunts, Miriam and Clara, who were like mothers to me, were to remain with my three brothers at 683 Fifth Avenue until the house was closed. The former died in 1879 leaving Aunt Clara with my brothers until 1880 when the house was sold. Aunt Clara then went to Mrs. Oliver's boarding house. That same year, Frederick and Washington married. Julian took an apartment at Fifth Avenue and Seventeenth Street.

When Washington married Mrs. Armit, I was thankful, if I may use that expression, that Mother had been laid to rest. For I know she would have been more than heartbroken to see her son marry out of the Jewish faith. I saw very little of his wife, as at that time I took the stand that I would not visit those who married Christians. However, Washington came to see me. He knew just how I felt and why I acted as I did.

Soon after his marriage, Washington went to England and in 1892 he died. His children were educated

there and went to a Hebrew boarding school, where his daughter, Malvina took the prize in that language. The boys also were instructed at a Jewish school. I think it was very beautiful and considerate of Mrs. Armit to try, after their father's death, to bring them up in his faith.

Malvina his daughter came to visit her Aunt Maud in 1901. Maud and Frederick took her with them on a trip to California where Malvina met Edgar Peixotto whom she married. She has two children and lives in San Francisco, California. Last winter, she came to New York and spent three weeks with me. I found her so lovable that I have asked her to come again this year.

Many will think that I am writing a family history, but I feel that these events are so woven into my life, that to me they are essential to the completion of this book.

After Mother's death, we, the family, had a friendly auction so we could buy articles before the public was notified. Of course, all articles have to be appraised and no one, not even the immediate family, was allowed to take anything without paying for it. The proceeds of the auction went to the estate.

There was one article I wanted more than anything else and that was the Grandfather's Mantel Clock, which had always been in my nursery. Julian had the same desire. The auctioneer began the bidding and when the bid reached one hundred dollars, which was

mine, Julian bid one hundred and five and I saw that he was determined to have the clock at any cost. He had much more money than I—he, a bachelor and I with a growing family, so I gave up and he became the possessor of the clock.

Some years afterwards, he went to Europe and left the clock in my care. I contended that possession was nine-tenths of the law and kept it. Eventually, he gave it to me, but I must thank his wife for urging him to do so.

Julian and I had always been very close. When he engaged a groom to take care of his horse and coupé, the man was sent to me for inspection. I was to pass judgment on him. Julian's coupé was at my disposal during the daytime.

Shortly before the death of my Aunt Miriam, there was a fire one night in a stable in Fifty-seventh Street where the Lazarus family kept their horses and carriages. If I remember correctly, all were destroyed. The fire broke out in the middle of the night. We saw the flames from our windows and heard the engines. My husband and I dressed and went at once to my mother's old home at 683 Fifth Avenue. We were afraid the family would be frightened and wanted to be with them.

I am a great believer in prenatal influences. I attribute my son John's great love for fires to this incident. As a child he had a bad habit of biting. I am sure he acquired it because at a dog show a few

months before he was born, one of the dogs jumped up at me. I feel that here I have another proof of my theory.

John was born on September 16th, 1879. Part of the previous summer was spent at West End, New Jersey and part at Saratoga Springs. At the latter place, we shared a cottage of the United States Hotel with my brother-in-law Aaron Wolff.

I distinguished myself at West End by taking quite a tumble in the hall. Then at Saratoga I stepped out of a French window to a balcony and fell very heavily on my knees. Since I was expecting John to come into the world shortly, we were all very much concerned. I said I was not hurt so as to calm the family but after awhile I went into my bedroom and found that my knee was cut and my stocking embedded in the wound. I don't think I used any iodine, probably just washed out the stocking. So, for the second time, I survived with unsanitary remedies.

While bringing John into the world, I sang "Little Buttercup" from Gilbert and Sullivan's opera, "Pinafore." Doctor Polk thought I had gone crazy but I argued that singing was better than yelling. The Berith, or his Naming, was a great event and many of our friends came to the ceremony and the breakfast. My husband wanted him named just plain "John" and I wanted his grandfather's name "Benjamin," and so we compromised and "John Benjamin" was decided upon.

As he was born thirteen months after Emily, we had decided to keep the same wet nurse, but one evening she was so drunk that I had to take Emily in my room as I was afraid to leave her with a drunken nurse. My husband was out and I was scared to death, so the idea of keeping her was abandoned. I am glad, for I was able to nurse him for nine months. Since he slept in our room, I didn't have many hours sleep. It was then thought necessary to nurse children during the night, so about 2 A. M., I would pull him into my bed to nurse him. One night, I was so sleepy that in trying to make him comfortable I stuck a pin into his flesh. I hope he has forgiven me.

The following summer we went to the West End Hotel, taking cribs, bed linen, ice box and perambulators. Usually, during the latter part of August, equinoctial storms rage at the seashore. One started, and I was told to pack up in a few hours, as we did not want to stay there for three days with rain. You can imagine the work we had with all the paraphernalia, but I did it and we were on our way home that afternoon.

The summer of 1883 we again went to West End and took two cottages belonging to the Hotel, which were opposite it. The restaurant was in our building, or, we could go across the street and arrange for weekly meals in the main building.

We took a nurse for John and Bridget Melvin for Emily. In addition we engaged a "Buttons," a young boy who was something between a handyman and a

JOHN, ARTHUR, FRANCES AND EMILY

butler. He did anything that was asked of him. Besides, he had a penchant for the cake box.

I was again pregnant which seemed to be more or less of a permanent condition. On August 3rd, at 4:30 A. M., Arthur was born. If I were writing this when these events took place, I would have hesitated to relate them, but as I have become modern outwardly, I will stifle my old-fashioned ideas.

The evening he was born, I had company and thought they would never leave. Of course my monthly nurse was with me; the school for trained nurses had not yet been organized. As soon as the company left, we hurriedly made the bed and got ready for the spree. Bridget and Emily slept in the adjoining room and were surprised the next morning to hear that my third child had been born for I had not uttered a sound. I had stuffed a bath towel between my teeth for fear of breaking them.

Arthur's Berith or Naming was a great affair. Many came from New York to be present. He was named "Arthur" after an old beau of mine and also for his paternal grandfather, Moses Wolff.

Now we were quite a family, three children and many maids. I nursed Arthur for eleven months, as it was considered the safe thing to do until after the second summer. As I said before I had to nurse the children during the night. One night, in the Fifty-fourth Street house I went into the nursery. It was a very cold room so I sat before a charcoal fire which was kept

burning all night. I fell asleep while nursing and was awakened by feeling something run up my body to my breast. To my horror, it was a mouse. No one would believe me, but the next night I triumphantly showed the animal nicely caught in a trap. From that time on, I made the nurse sit up and keep watch to see that I did not fall asleep.

Apropos of my being modern outside and old-fashioned inside, I would like to tell you about a radio talk I heard Channing Pollock give some eight years ago. He said he had just read some amusement advertisements in the Sunday papers and one of them had promised that if you will go to see a popular motion picture, it will give you "the greatest *kick* you ever had." He said that he did not see the advantage, as he had no desire to kick or be kicked and that a good many of the things that people seem to want nowadays leave him rather puzzled. Why, for example, do people run to movies which are advertised to show half a dozen scantily clad ladies leaning backward in the arms of gentlemen from the great open spaces who are about to kiss them? Now why should anyone, he says, pay money to see somebody else kissed three or four times a week, every week in the year? People also flock to plays to hear one lady call another a name, or a gentleman use the language of the gutter. Why? Why pay money to hear something that you can hear for nothing by going down to Tenth Avenue and waiting for one truck driver to run into another? Why

should anyone, who doesn't care to spend their sunny afternoons with harlots and gangsters, or in the death house of a prison feel that no entertainment is complete that doesn't put you in touch with these people and places? Why should anyone buy ugliness and foulness?

I wrote to him complimenting him on his play, "The Fool" and agreed with all he had said in his radio speech. I also told him that I was called "mid-Victorian" and "unsophisticated." I received a reply which I quote in part and which I prize very much:

> I, too, have been called "mid-Victorian" and "unsophisticated." I think we can bear up under the stigma. Personally, I would rather have had your comment on "The Fool" than to have written the most "sophisticated" play on Broadway.

The summer after Arthur was born we again took a cottage at the West End Hotel. My husband's brother, Charlie, and his family, occupied the floor over ours. One day, while I was giving the children dinner, I heard a loud noise. I thought it came from upstairs and called up: "Fanny, why are you moving trunks?" She replied that she wasn't moving trunks or making any noise.

A few minutes afterwards, I looked out of the window and saw my husband and many other men running home. They had been playing cards across the street from the hotel, at Morrissey's, then the famous gambling house. The noise proved to be one of our most severe earthquakes. We were all made to go out on the

grounds and all afternoon we had to stay away from the hotel in case another quake came. There was no special damage to life or property, but telegrams were sent and received from all members of the family asking if we were safe.

We went again to West End and arrived home in time for Frances (Tweets) to be born, November 5, 1883. I was pretty worn out from childbearing and nursing and if it had been the year 1938, she would have been called a "little accident." However, I thank God for her birth. Although I suffered intensely when she was ill, she has been my mainstay and comfort.

I was quite unprepared for her advent. It was a Sunday evening and my cousins Alice, Lucian and Madeline Nathan were taking supper with me. They came every Sunday to help me take care of the children as I had only one nurse at home. My husband was out and there was no telephone to summon him. The monthly nurse was expected in a day or two. I sent Lucian for my husband and they brought the nurse, who came in time before Tweets' first appearance at 1:25 A. M.

I had kept a piece of an old blanket in which Emily, John and Arthur had been wrapped when they were born. My sister, Rosalie was with me. She was very nearsighted and didn't see the blanket on the end of the sofa and sat down on the newborn baby. It was a miracle that the infant was not crushed.

"Tweets," too, was a very pretty baby. Probably those

who know her now may still see *some* vestiges. Of course, this is irony, as I consider her very beautiful. Hers is a real madonna face, but what is more beautiful is her disposition, her maternal love and her love and devotion to me.

However, she was often a little spitfire. One day, when she was six years old, one of my cousins came to see me at Saratoga and she wouldn't speak to her. When she left, she yelled down at the window: "I 'pit on you." Imagine my chagrin. I don't remember how I punished her!

When we were at Saratoga in 1885, General Grant died at Mount McGregor, near Saratoga. His funeral took place in New York and for the first time, my husband left me to go to it. In those days, husbands and wives rarely left each other, but now it is considered a good thing to be separated for short periods. Perhaps it helps digestion!

We were at the United States Hotel and Frederick and Maud were there too. One night, Maud wanted to play a joke on my husband, so she dressed in some of Frederick's clothes and got on to the bed with me. My husband opened the door about ten o'clock. He stood dumfounded seeing a man next to me. Maud became so frightened at his expression that she yelled, "Don't shoot!"

In March, 1886, Emita May gave a dance. I needed a new dress for the occasion. Aunt Clara (Daddy) and I looked at many stores and at last we found some mate-

rial which we thought very beautiful. We had it made up. When I showed it to my husband, he was not enthusiastic and didn't seem to admire it. My heart was broken. For the first time I cried over a dress, but I wore it and I dare say I looked handsome. I danced the German with Eugene Seligman, little thinking that one of my grandsons would marry his grandniece.

We usually went out New Year's Eve. This year we went to Mrs. Lansberg's. When we got home we decided it was to be the last one we would spend out of our home. We said we would always spend it together. That is why I have never gone out, but try to picture ourselves alone fifty-one years ago.

On April 25th, 1886, my young and handsome husband passed away. He was only thirty-six and I just twenty-nine years old. I am not going to dwell on my loneliness and grief. To this day, in the long evenings, I can picture myself looking out of the window at five-thirty, seeing all the husbands returning home—and mine missing. That was the hardest and saddest time of the day for me. With four children to care for, it seemed that I would not be able to face the world.

Perhaps some woman who has gone through the sorrow and grief of her helpmate's being taken from her and who, as in my case, is left with young children to care for, may find solace and comfort in the following prayer, which was translated from the French by Hester Rothschild:

A Widow's Prayer

Omnipotent God! Thou art just, Thy decrees are just, and all that thou doest is just and perfect. I murmur not against Thy will but entreat thee to pardon my grief, and to endow my heart with strength and resignation. I have been severely smitten, and my affliction is grievous, too heavy almost for a weak mortal to bear.

Thou hast taken from me the husband of my love, the companion and prop of my life, and the father and support of my children. My soul is bowed down with grief, for I mourn over my past happiness and look with apprehension at the future lot of my bereaved children.

How fleeting are the joys of this life! One day has sufficed to dash to the ground all my earthly joys, and to remove the crown of my existence.

O Lord! Thou art just; for I have sinned in placing my happiness on worldly affections. I have not sufficiently remembered all belongs to Thee; that our possessions and lives are merely entrusted to us for a brief space, to be withdrawn at any moment and which we ought ever to be ready to restore. But Thy mercy equals Thy justice, and I have faith in Thy goodness. From Thee I seek consolation, for Thou alone, O God! canst heal the wound of the stricken heart; Thou alone canst give courage and hope to the bruised spirit.

Protector of the widow and the orphan! Thou, who in Thy written word hast promised to help the forsaken and fatherless, I implore Thy succour for my children; abandon us not in our distress; and be Thou our tower of refuge if all others even abandon us. Watch over me; assist me, so that I may obtain enough by my own exertions for the support and education of my fatherless children without depending on the aid or charity of flesh and blood. Yes, preserve us from dependence

on man's kindness, and give us food and raiment through Thy own immediate blessing. Watch over my children, who have no father but Thee, and let them experience the full assurance of Thy promise, "God in his holy habitation is the father of the fatherless and the judge of the widow." (Ps. lxviii. 6). Guide them safely through the dangers of life; grant them a tranquil and peaceful existence; purify their hearts, strengthen their faith so that they may remain undaunted by obstacles and resist with firmness every species of temptation. Keep us in the way of righteousness until it shall please Thee to unite us in eternity with the departed one for whom we now mourn. Amen.

If prayers are answered, and I am sure some of the above has been granted to me—I have had the wherewithal to educate my children without being dependent on any one. I have been able to see them escape dangers, (I pray that they will always be protected) even through the Hell of war. I have seen them recover from severe illnesses. Do not think that I have forgotten the sorrow of Emily's passing on but I sometimes believe she has been spared earthly tribulations and I bow in submission to God's will.

Chapter Six

THE DAY of my husband's death, Aunt Clara came to live with me and was a great help in every way. She lived with me until the end of her life in 1903. As I would take no remuneration from her during her lifetime, she made beautiful dresses for my children and gave them many handsome presents, and, at her death, she left me practically all she had, all of which she had inherited from my father, who, I am sure, would have approved of her course.

Before my husband's death, I had decided to have all the children wear colored dresses, that is, old-fashioned calico prints, but I felt that I could not see them in gay attire when I felt that all was darkness, so I bought black and white goods.

One could not buy ready-made clothes, except at great cost, so I employed a seamstress for a month at a time and we made a dozen of each garment for each child, that is, one dozen pairs of drawers, one dozen petticoats, one dozen waists to which the garments were buttoned, one dozen dresses and some coats. A milliner used to come a half-day and together we made the hats, or rather, trimmed them. I kept an account of buttonholes which I made one spring and they numbered over three hundred.

In those days banged hair and bustles were the style

for women. The latter fashion took up a great deal of closet room. In Fifty-fourth Street, before the children occupied the third floor back, I appropriated a large portion of the closet in that room for my bustles. There were many different kinds to wear under different gowns, from the small horsehair type to the large hoop-skirt and many were the intermediate sizes. I never "banged" my hair because that style evidently did not suit my face.

Almost every style is apt to come in vogue again. But certain changes in social customs appear to be permanent. Before I was a widow, I was obliged to be home before dark and in winter this meant about four-thirty. In sharp contrast to that necessity was an evening last Spring when I attended a movie alone and walked home just a little before midnight. No one molested me.

Indeed, the only time I was spoken to was many years ago when I was walking home one stormy evening about six-thirty. I had my umbrella up and had just turned into Fifty-fourth Street from Fifth Avenue when a man said, "Good evening." I thought I knew him and returned the salutation. When, however, I saw he was a stranger I stopped and said, "Go home! I am old enough to be your mother." He turned and left in a hurry.

Another noticeable difference between the "eighties" and the present day can be seen in the improvement of the sewerage system in New York. It was then by no

means perfect. Many cases of malaria and other illnesses were prevalent. My household often suffered from some of the diseases. Arthur had diphtheria twice, so I decided to cut off all connection between our rooms and the sewers. I had the pipes cut and disconnected, pails were put under the wash stands to catch the water after washing. Many times the pails overflowed and it was quite a job to have them emptied once or twice a day. In the Fifty-fourth Street house there was only one bathroom on each floor. Later on, I put another one in the trunk room on the fourth floor for the maids. We had a large tank in that room which had to be filled a couple of times a day by the furnace man. Afterwards, I had a gas attachment which was a much better arrangement. When some one ran the water downstairs, we could not get it upstairs, as the pressure was so low. Many times I used "words" on this water system. I remember saying that if I had plenty of water and if it would not stop running before I could wash the soap off my hands, I would never swear, but I fear I have not kept my promise. I still indulge in that bad habit. Please don't think I say very bad words, but it does help to say "damn" once in a while.

Apropos of civic improvements, it was in 1885 that they decided to blast and disperse the many jutting rocks which obstructed the "Hell Gate" passage between Manhattan and Long Island. We had to open all the windows in case the explosion should be heavy

enough to break them. We all sat and waited and wondered if our last day had come. To our surprise, only a slight rumbling was heard, so our day of judgment was postponed.

Before my husband's death in 1886, we had arranged to go to the United States Hotel at Saratoga and I decided to follow our original plan. I always took a compartment in the train as the children with the exception of John were always carsick. I carried a change of clothing as it was usually necessary to put on clean apparel after the "eruption." Arthur cried out to me after a deluge of breakfast, "If I only knew it was coming as Emily does, I would not get so messed."

"Daddy" had her maid and so we were quite a family —Two nurses, four children and poor little "mother," who in later years has become "great-grandmother."

Nora Dugan was one of the nurses and she slept in the room with John and Arthur. I put the beds on either side of the room so that they would not fight. One morning I went in and found them having a grand pillow fight across the room.

I must digress and tell you a story about Nora. Later on, she became my chambermaid. I sent her on an errand and when she came back, not having done as I told her, she replied: "I thought my way was better." I said, "I never want you to think again, Nora. I will do the thinking." As I write this, a postal has just come from her, written by her nephew, to say she would come to see me when it was cooler. Poor soul! I fear she

has not many more years to live. She seemed so feeble the last time I saw her. She must be as old or older than I am, but although I do say it myself, not so well preserved.

At that time, we had rooms at the extreme end of the United States Hotel. They were large yet quite cheap, probably because the railroad station was nearest that end of the house and the rooms were noisy. Arthur and John had lots of fun taking the numbers of the locomotives and they always knew what time the trains were due. We had no bathroom and so for a treat I would go down to Frederick's suite and take a "real" bath.

During a very severe thunderstorm that summer, I sat telling stories to my four children. I was petrified, but managed to keep my feelings under control. The Grand Union Hotel, not far from the U. S. Hotel, where I was staying, was struck. The nurse told me afterwards that she never saw me look so white. I assure you I felt much more like a ghost than a human being.

At the end of one of the summers spent at the United States Hotel, Mr. Tompkins, the manager, in saying good-by to me and the family said: "Do you know, Mrs. Wolff, what your son John did?" "No," I replied, "What did he do?" "He put all the bells out of commission one day." I turned to John and asked if it were true and he said that it was. (I am glad he kept his name as plain honest John.) He had stuffed newspapers in the tubes and no bells rang. Another one of the

pranks he played, together with other boys, was to put pennies on the Madison Avenue car tracks, so that the cars, instead of going the way they should have, switched around in the opposite direction. Another one, was to draw with chalk an envelope on a stoop and ring the bell. The maid would then come out and scratch the stone trying to pick up the envelope.

One afternoon, Aunt Clara and I were dressing and one of John's pals came to the house and said John had been arrested for playing ball in the street. It did not take me many minutes to put on my hat and coat and borrow all the money Aunt Clara had so that, with what I had, I would be able to bail him out. Just before I reached the front door, word came that all was well and that the cop had let him off.

That winter, I decided to teach John and Emily the rudiments of English. Every morning, right after breakfast, we assembled in the dining room and no one was allowed to disturb us. It was just as if I had been employed as teacher. I was most successful and had already taught Emily to read and write. I think that when she was three or four years old, she was able to master words of several syllables. I am proud to say that I have not lost my skill. For I taught Nancy and at the age of four she could read words of three or four syllables. I can't remember whether I continued teaching my children the following winter. If not, both the older ones went to school. Arthur and Frances had a

resident governess. The former was very delicate and took cold very easily.

We had a funny, though unpleasant, experience in trying a new summer resort. The Tremper House at Catskill was highly recommended so I wrote for rooms and found them more reasonable than the United States Hotel at Saratoga. We—Aunt Clara, Kate Whelan her maid, two nurses and the four children and myself—journeyed there. Maggie Mattison was one nurse and I think Nora Dugan was the other. The evening meal was very unsatisfactory. The next morning, Arthur and Frances were to go to the nurses' dining room. There was no high chair for Arthur as someone else had appropriated it and he had to sit on a box. When Maggie had finished dressing Frances, I went into her room and found a chair on the bed because the room was so small she couldn't get around otherwise. When she went downstairs, they told her breakfast was over. I remonstrated at the office and they sent a tray up to her room. At our breakfast, Aunt Clara had asked for some orange juice and was told that there was none. She said, "That lady over there has some," and the reply was, "Oh yes, she has been coming here for eleven years." As I didn't intend to spend many years there just for orange juice I decided to go to Saratoga after all. There were no telephones in those days. So many telegrams were used! After three days the whole family migrated to Saratoga. I had quite a time

to make connections and it was some job to pilot the family to our old camping grounds. I wired the hour we would arrive according to the station master's instructions, but found out afterwards I could make better connections and arrived ahead of schedule time. Of course, no one was at the station to meet us and so I surprised Maud by going to her room. In crossing the railroad tracks, Aunt Clara nearly ran into a train. Frances and I had to pull her away. It was such a caravan that I usually counted my chickens to see if anyone had strayed away.

We had no bathroom, as I mentioned before, but carried a large rubber tub, which could be blown up into shape. Later on, at other resorts, I bought the largest wooden wash tub and that served for bathing.

Being in deep mourning, I went nowhere. Frederick and Maud used to take all the children out—my four and their child Annette. Once Maud was taken for the mother of the brood. The five children had wonderful times together but alas! they did not go on many years. Annette was called to her eternal rest when ten years old. It was a sad blow to her parents who idolized her and we who loved her grieved with them.

The winter of 1888 was a very hard one for me. John contracted mumps at school. I nursed him and caught the disease. When Doctor Polk told me to go to bed he said, "You are going to be very ill." I thanked him, went to my desk and put my house in order. He was right. In the meanwhile, Emily and Arthur came down

with the same ailment. The former was placed in the bed next to mine and the latter upstairs. When the mother is ill, someone has to take charge of the invalids. The nurse never had mumps and she was afraid to come near us. It didn't much matter to me for I was too ill to care. I didn't have my nightgown changed for five days. I ate nothing but washed my mouth frequently with ginger ale. The children had normal cases and ate everything. Nora Dugan was sure I would feel better if I saw Arthur, but she was wrong, I didn't care if I saw him or anyone else again!

Before I was allowed to get up, Doctor Polk encouraged me by saying, "Many have died who were not as ill as you have been." I thanked him again. For two years, I felt the effects of that illness and had to undergo treatments at Doctor Polk's office. Many times, when I got home from there, Aunt Clara would say that I looked dead. I would answer that I felt so.

I was determined that Frances should have mumps before she grew up, so I had her next to me in order that she might contract the disease, but it was a long time before she was good enough to do so.

After consulting Frederick and Maud, we decided to take a cottage together at Saratoga for the following summer. We rented the "Hedges" one of the largest places there, belonging to Mr. Hathorne, owner of the spring of that name. The house was well adapted for two families. Frederick, Maud, their child Annette and her nurse were on one side of the house and Aunt

Clara and the rest of us were on the other end. I was to keep house. It was the first time I had done so in the country. It seemed a big undertaking. There were eight of us and eight maids. We decided that neither family would invite guests.

I remember the afternoon I arrived with all my flock, ahead of Frederick and his family by a few days, so as to get partially settled before they came. My heart sank. It seemed so lonely. I always had been nervous at night and the thought of being both man and woman to such a large house appalled me, but I gritted my teeth and plunged in. Later, when Frederick came, we made an arrangement so that if either of us heard anyone, an intruder or robber, on his or on my side of the house, a pistol would be fired. Maud and I were very good shots and used to practice target shooting. One night a shot was heard and Frederick and I met in the hall, each thinking the other had fired it. Fortunately, the shot was fired by someone outside. For many years after my husband died, I kept a loaded pistol in my drawer.

The grounds of "The Hedges" were large and very beautiful. It was a wonderful sight to see Annette and my four children and others, including Beatrice Borg, frolicking on the lawn. If I had been a clairvoyant, I would have recognized her then as my grandson Arthur's mother-in-law.

Our undertaking was a great success and for three successive years we were at "The Hedges." I have just

heard that "The Hedges" has now become Skidmore College. A strange coincidence is that my grandniece, Constance Nathan, is going there this fall. Her father and his sister, Amy Kaufman, were the two exceptional guests that we allowed to remain overnight with us. As I said previously, when we took the house, we had arranged that no one would be entertained overnight.

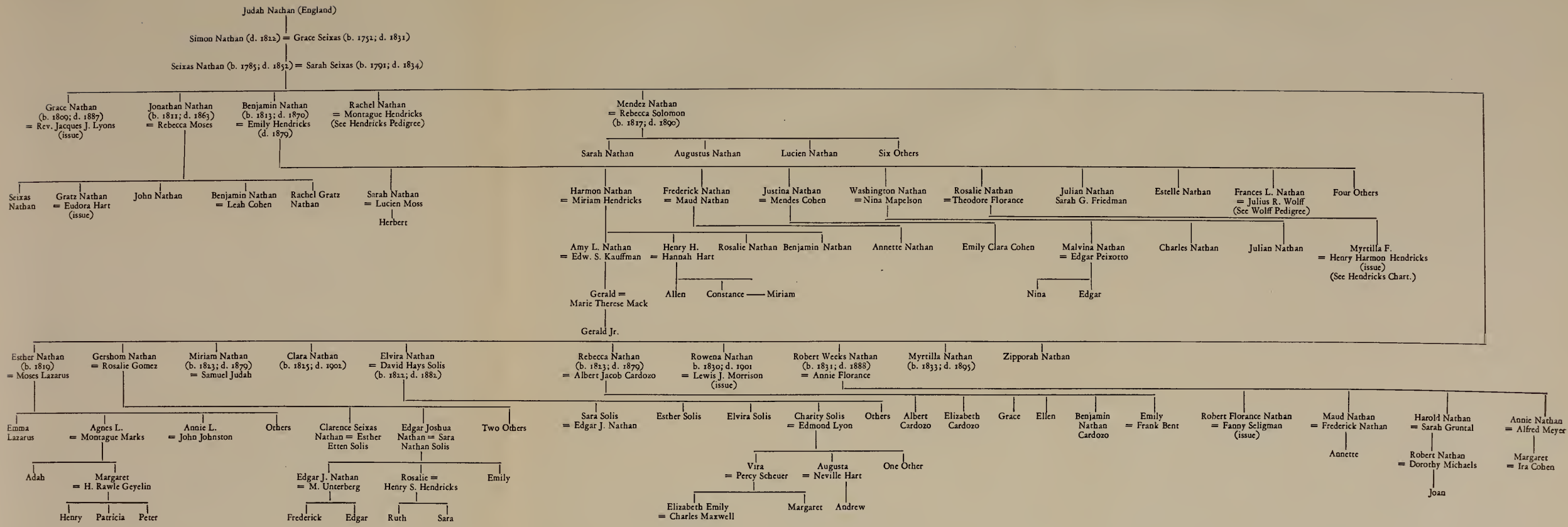
Sometimes, Maud and I would take a day off. We would have a lunch put up and I usually drove. We would find a nice shady field and I would unhitch the horse and tie him to a tree and give him his lunch. It was quite a job for me to put the bit in his mouth when we were ready to go home, since the horse was so tall and I so short. But I always succeeded.

Maud and I would lie on the grass and she would often sing. Sometimes, cows would appear. I have always feared them; I think their eyes are so weird. I am not afraid of Joe Cullman's collection for they are all in china. But in spite of such intruders upon our peace, it was a relief to get away from five youngsters, who always wanted some new play to amuse them.

Often, we would hire a six-seated surrey on a Sunday morning and we all would go for a country drive. These mornings were anything but restful, but as the nurses went to church we imagined it was easier to drive in the dusty road than to stay at home and amuse all five. The horses often shied. I preferred my driving to Frederick's for even when I did not hold the reins, I was "driving the horses." Often the restless children

would have to be taken out of the surrey for a short walk. We called our Sunday drives pleasure exertions instead of pleasure excursions.

The first year at "The Hedges," I hadn't gotten my strength back from mumps and had to be very careful. One day, the children were going to some entertainment and I looked at Arthur only to find him covered with spots. I had a hard time to keep him home. The spots proved to be measles. He had been with the other children and I feared all four would catch the disease. The house proved adequate, and I put him in a room by himself and started to take entire charge of him. His meals were taken up the back stairs and everything washed separately. I found my strength not equal to day and night duty, so I let one of the nurses take my place. Fortunately, no one else contracted the disease.


Judah Nathan (England)
Simon Nathan (d. 1812) = Grace Seixas (b. 1752; d. 1831)
Seixas Nathan (b. 1785; d. 1852) = Sarah Seixas (b. 1791; d. 1834)
Grace Nathan (b. 1809; d. 1887) = Rev. Jacques J. Lyons (issue)
Jonathan Nathan (b. 1811; d. 1863) = Rebecca Moses
Benjamin Nathan (b. 1813; d. 1870) = Emily Hendricks (d. 1879)
Rachel Nathan = Montague Hendricks (See Hendricks Pedigree)
Mendez Nathan = Rebecca Solomon (b. 1817; d. 1890)
Sarah Nathan
Augustus Nathan
Lucien Nathan
Six Others
Seixas Nathan
Gratz Nathan = Eudora Hart (issue)
John Nathan
Benjamin Nathan = Leah Cohen
Rachel Gratz Nathan
Sarah Nathan = Lucien Moss
Herbert
Harmon Nathan = Miriam Hendricks
Frederick Nathan = Maud Nathan
Justina Nathan = Mendes Cohen
Washington Nathan = Nina Mapelson
Rosalie Nathan = Theodore Florance
Julian Nathan Sarah G. Friedman
Estelle Nathan
Frances L. Nathan = Julius R. Wolff (See Wolff Pedigree)
Four Others
Amy L. Nathan = Edw. S. Kauffman
Henry H. = Hannah Hart
Rosalie Nathan
Benjamin Nathan
Annette Nathan
Emily Clara Cohen
Malvina Nathan = Edgar Peixotto
Charles Nathan
Julian Nathan
Myrtilla F. = Henry Harmon Hendricks (issue) (See Hendricks Chart.)
Gerald = Marie Therese Mack
Allen
Constance — Miriam
Nina
Edgar
Gerald Jr.
Esther Nathan (b. 1819) = Moses Lazarus
Gershom Nathan = Rosalie Gomez
Miriam Nathan (b. 1823; d. 1879) = Samuel Judah
Clara Nathan (b. 1825; d. 1902)
Elvira Nathan = David Hays Solis (b. 1822; d. 1882)
Rebecca Nathan (b. 1823; d. 1879) = Albert Jacob Cardozo
Rowena Nathan b. 1830; d. 1901 = Lewis J. Morrison (issue)
Robert Weeks Nathan (b. 1831; d. 1888) = Annie Florance
Myrtilla Nathan (b. 1833; d. 1895)
Zipporah Nathan
Emma Lazarus
Agnes L. = Montague Marks
Annie L. = John Johnston
Others
Clarence Seixas Nathan = Esther Etten Solis
Edgar Joshua Nathan = Sara Nathan Solis
Two Others
Sara Solis = Edgar J. Nathan
Esther Solis
Elvira Solis
Charity Solis = Edmond Lyon
Others
Albert Cardozo
Elizabeth Cardozo
Grace
Ellen
Benjamin Nathan Cardozo
Emily = Frank Bent
Robert Florance Nathan = Fanny Seligman (issue)
Maud Nathan = Frederick Nathan
Harold Nathan = Sarah Gruntal
Annie Nathan = Alfred Meyer
Adah
Margaret = H. Rawle Geyelin
Henry
Patricia
Peter
Edgar J. Nathan = M. Unterberg
Rosalie = Henry S. Hendricks
Emily
Frederick
Edgar
Ruth
Sara
Vira = Percy Scheuer
Augusta = Neville Hart
One Other
Elizabeth Emily = Charles Maxwell
Margaret
Andrew
Annette
Robert Nathan = Dorothy Michaels
Joan
Margaret = Ira Cohen

Chapter Seven

WHEN I moved to 47 West 54th Street, in 1877, our house was in the middle of the block between Fifth and Sixth Avenues. Only one other house stood between ours and Sixth Avenue. We were so isolated that I had grilled shutters made for the windows on the second floor. To have windows through which no one could pass in case of fire, was against the law, so one bar was made so as to open.

My next-door neighbor, General Anson G. McCook, had one key and I had the other. It was through the iron shutter that my daughter, Emily, went the night of her wedding, and into General McCook's house, so as to avoid the shower of rice that the guests had in readiness for the young couple. If I remember, the plan did not work, and she had the usual deluge.

My neighbor on the other side was Mrs. Charles Kellogg. Armide Smith, sister of my friend Jenny, lived with her. The three Kellogg boys came in frequently to play with John and Arthur. John Aitken used to join them.

Opposite my house were wooden houses. After a time several brownstone houses were erected; one by James W. Alexander, President of the Equitable Life Insurance Company, and one by John W. Aitken, of Aitken Sons and Company.

A few doors from me, Doctor William H. Hammond and his family lived. A funny incident occurred at his house. I was invited to a luncheon given by his daughter, Clara, who later married Marquis Lanza. The day of the luncheon, as I thought, arrived and I went gaily dressed in my best black velvet gown. One other woman was there. We waited quite a long time and no lunch. During the conversation, something was said which intimated lunch, when to our dismay we discovered we were a week ahead of time! I felt a little less embarrassed because another woman had made the same mistake. We went the following week and enjoyed a buffet lunch.

In our old Twenty-third Street yard, a wistaria vine had covered nearly the whole fence. It was twice transplanted when we moved, first to 562 and then 683 Fifth Avenue. Afterwards I took it over to my yard in Fifty-fourth Street which was also beautified by many other plants besides the wistaria. The Rev. Merle Smith whose window looked upon my yard, told me that it was a joy to sit there and see its beauty.

When the telephone was installed in Fifty-fourth Street, I made the children write down each call and whoever went beyond the number allotted, would have to pay for it. Of course, the telephone was a great convenience for me. Before it was installed, I had an arrangement with the American District Messenger Company whose signal box was in one of the rooms, that if I pulled the lever down once, they were to send a cab

to the house, if twice a messenger, and if three times would send to Doctor Polk who then lived at 7 East 36th Street so he could come right up to see the sick child. I seldom sent for a doctor before daylight for I thought it unkind to get anyone out of bed unless absolutely necessary. Many times I sat up watching and waiting for the dawn. Arthur had croup and many nights I had to watch him and give him ipecac.

I can remember the last attack he had. He was ten years old and to see him writhing in bed, trying to get his breath was terrifying. Another night, I remember when I went to bed saying to myself, "Nothing can get me up tonight as I am so dead tired." About midnight, Arthur began to wheeze and an attack of croup came on. So, of course, my night's rest was gone. Once, upon coming home in the afternoon, I found John on the sofa with the laundress holding up an arm which he had broken.

A little before this, the year 1887, Aunt Clara had to return from Saratoga for an operation, so we all came home with her. Fortunately, the house was open, but my right-hand maid had gone to Ireland. Emily was just able to dress herself and be a help to me. She went into the yard to play, fell and broke her arm. I was in despair. Aunt Clara was very ill, we were short of maids and the weather was terribly hot! Emily's arm was not properly set so after some time the Doctor wanted to break it again. She was a heroine and she let him try. It was a "greenstick" fracture and I don't

think it was ever successfully set as the arm was never quite straight. I promised her the largest doll I could find, if she let him try. I kept my word and that is how "Clara," the doll, came to us and descended to Nancy.

The following years were uneventful. I rarely went out except to shop. My evenings were devoted to reading to each child. When they arrived one by one at the age of ten, however, I told them they must do their own reading.

To this day, I do not think Arthur and Frances have forgiven me the trick I played on them when they were respectively about eight and ten years old. One day, they called down to me from their nursery. They wanted to know if I could tell them some new game to play. I said that I could and that they should come down. They rushed down very happily. I told them to sit on the sofa next to each other and then standing in front of them I put up my hands and told them to do the same, then I turned my hands around and around in the most mysterious fashion I could think of, saying: "Torawchee!" When they saw the game, they ran upstairs in a rage. We often laugh about it now. Last summer, Frances Nathan Jacobs (Frances IV) came into the room and I taught her the game. A few days afterwards, she came over to the house and as she saw me started to turn her hands around saying: "Torawchee," evidently thinking that that was my name.

When my children reached the age of twelve I gave him or her a check book and from that time on

they had to make out checks to my order for whatever cash they wanted, from five cents up to a larger sum. This was an effort to make them understand business methods. At eighteen years of age, each child was given an allowance on paper. They planned on the basis of what they would receive during the year, as I was not able to put the whole amount to their credit at once. They would charge articles on my bills and then would transfer the amounts to their books.

I am very proud of my children, especially my sons. Although they had very small annual allowances, they were never in debt. After they finished their college courses, I suggested their going to Europe. Perhaps many will not approve of the way in which they acquired money for their trip. I told each of the boys when he was twelve that if he did not smoke until he was twenty-one years old, I would give him a thousand dollars. I thought the habit not only detrimental to health, but extravagant. They adhered to the compact and upon their attaining their majority, I handed them the money, a pipe and some tobacco. I made the same compact with my grandson, Michael, who also consented. Up to this day he does not smoke.

Apropos of this bargain, I read not long ago the following item in the New York Times:

CAMBRIDGE, Mass., Dec. 2.—If the two grandsons of the late Mrs. Hattie Putnam of Winchester abstain from intoxicating liquor, tobacco and narcotics until they are twenty-five years old, each will receive an extra $1,000 under the terms of their grandmother's will filed for probate.

Apparently Mrs. Putnam's ideas coincided with mine.

Another rather unique arrangement was made by me. I always felt more satisfied if I knew that my sons had arrived home each night and even after they became college men, they humored me. A cord which went through the keyhole of my locked bedroom door was carried across the room so that I could hold the end of it in my hand. The last son home pulled the string outside my door and then I turned over and went peacefully to sleep. The adage is true I am sure, "Widow's children are the best." Anyway it fits my case, for no one could have been more blessed.

The only two requests I ever made of my sons were, first, that they would not go into Wall Street and, second, that they would not attend an out-of-town college. Both boys acceded to my requests.

One evening, I was induced to go to a football game. Arthur was playing on the Columbia side against the Carlisle Indians. When the game was nearly over, I saw one of the players carried off the field. I turned to one of the children and said, "That man's Arthur." "Oh no it isn't" was the reply. I persisted in my statement. I was right and when I went out I learned that his collar bone had been broken. There is an old saying, "It's a wise child that knows his father," and I say, "A stupid mother who doesn't know her own child." After due time, Arthur was quite well but during a "rough-house" play with John, the collar bone again cracked

and he had to suffer another two weeks with the bone in plaster.

On another occasion I went to see him play hockey. I again saw him taken out—this time with a broken nose. When John was at college and playing football, the paper one day reported that "Johnnie Wolff had been very roughly handled." Of course I thought of everything that could have happened to him. I went up to the college as fast as I could to see what member of his body had been broken or was missing. To my delight, I found that he was intact and quite well.

I dislike all rough and tumble games. When the boys came home from their athletic activities, I used to feel their bodies from head to foot to see if they were injured.

We always had Sabbath morning prayers as I was unable to walk to Nineteenth Street. Lewis and Alice Bamberger who lived a few doors from us, came in regularly for the service. I taught them a little of our religion. When John attained the age of thirteen, he had studied his Portion, or Reading of the Law. At thirteen a boy is supposed to become a man with the knowledge of right and wrong. According to the custom, he should recite the Law in the Synagogue. But John said he would not do this unless I was there to hear him. My first problem in regard to my religious training confronted me. I had never on the Sabbath ridden to Synagogue, or anywhere else except, perhaps, in cases of extreme illness. I decided that it was more important

for me to be with him and have him say his Portion than to stay away in order to avoid breaking the rule. Afterwards, I went regularly to service and took the elevated road, buying my ticket before Sabbath. Now I take a taxi but only to ride to Synagogue. I have often told my children, I see no harm in omitting many of the forms to which I adhere, but at my age I do not want to give them up. I fully appreciate the fact that when many of the rigid laws were made, living was more simple, distances were not so great, and sanitary methods almost unknown.

I wonder if Frances remembers our first automobile ride? Doctor Polk sent his car for us and we all bundled up as if we were going to the North Pole. Our hats were kept on with long veils, which were wound around our necks and tied under our chins. Shortly afterwards, I was taken on another motor ride by Mrs. Bijur and by that time some women had become more accustomed to motoring and did not tie their hats down, but then, as now, I was slow to change habits, and continued to wear my veil over my hat and a linen duster over my good coat.

Emily was the fashionable member of the family and Frances and I were the opposite. The day of that drive I was in fear of meeting Emily and, of course, she did come along in another car up to the "*n*th" degree of fashion—and poor me swathed in veiling! Once Frances and I were shopping at Arnold Constable's. The weather was very hot. We wanted to take off our coats

and finish our shopping in shirtwaists. We did so in deadly fear of meeting our fashionable relative and kept a sharp lookout, but that time were fortunate in escaping an encounter.

Aunt Clara had taught Emily and Vira to sew. In after years, it was of great value to Emily and she proved proficient in both embroidering and plain sewing. It was quite remarkable—she could start in the kitchen and make a cake, then go to the sewing room and cut and sew a shirtwaist, then on up to her studio which I had built for her on the fourth floor in the Fifty-fourth Street house, sketch a subject, put it into her etching machine and it would turn out a perfect product. Then she would serve tea to her many friends who were always glad to be with her.

The following poem, written by Emily in 1888, is rather cute and perhaps her children and grandchildren would like to read it.

Little Rosebud

I'm mama's little rosebud
That's what she calls me, too;
I've got a pretty dolly,
And it is brand new.

Once I broke my dolly
And she didn't cry,
Don't you think that's funny?
You would, so would I.

I have a little doggy
And a pretty gown,
I'd change it for no other
In all the great big town.

When I get married,
I won't play with toys,
I'll go 'round to shop,
And buy clothes for my boys.

The lunches I served from 12:15 to 1:30 in the Fifty-fourth Street house became quite an institution, so many used to drop in for pot-luck. An amusing remark was made by my waitress, Mary O'Connor, a relative of Bridget Melvin, when one of my cousins came in from quite a distance. She said, "If they were at the Battery, they'd get here."

In the summer of 1894, Jessie persuaded us to go to Blue Mountain House, Maryland, so as to be with her. Miss Giroux was then the governess. Arthur was thirteen and had studied his Portion. He was to have recited it in Synagogue as John had two years previously. As we did not go to New York, he recited it there in our room.

As I said before, three of the children were always carsick. The train going to Blue Mountain House goes around and around the mountains and I feared that I too would join the crowd. I told Jessie that she would have to attend to us if any were ill, which she did. Coming home from the Blue Mountain House, I made the same arrangements, only this time, to my amazement John had to be cared for. I think that this was the only time he "misbehaved."

The following year, John and Arthur started to go to the Drisler School on Forty-ninth Street. Of course,

Arthur remembers the episode with one of his schoolmates who made a disparaging remark about the Jews. Arthur knocked him down and gave him some just punishment. I don't think I should have said "just" punishment, but I can well understand, and am very proud of his loyal feeling for our people. However, the boy's father complained to Mr. Drisler and said that if Arthur were not expelled, he would withdraw his son. It was such a serious matter, that I asked Harmon to help me handle the case, which he did most successfully. Arthur was not expelled and the boy did not leave.

I cannot refrain from praising Mr. Drisler for always being most considerate in helping me to keep the boys from attending dances or entertainments on Friday evenings. Whenever a dance or entertainment was scheduled for that night, I would write to him and say neither of my boys could be present and he invariably changed the date of the entertainment to another when they could attend. Would that there were more tolerant men now!

It was about this time that I had an operation upon my nose. For several years I had no taste nor smell. I decided to have the bone of my nose removed. I went alone to Doctor Myles who was going to operate. When he was about half through, Emily came to the office saying she had forgotten that I was going to have the operation that day. I was seated in a chair, having taken a local anesthetic. When she saw me, she ran out of the room and left me. When the operation was

finished, the doctor told me to go home and stay without moving from the sofa.

That evening, John had as dinner guest a friend, Dudley Fuller, who afterwards became his brother-in-law. I did not go downstairs but had my dinner sent to the sitting room. There had been several robberies in the neighborhood. I had a bell attached to the scuttle so that if anyone opened it the bell would ring. There are so few houses now with "scuttles" that perhaps those who read this will not know that a scuttle is an opening to the roof. At about eight o'clock the bell rang. John and Mr. Fuller rushed upstairs. I called them and told them that they should not go to the roof, that if they did, I would follow them, although under the doctor's orders to keep perfectly quiet. They went up and so did I. Fortunately, I suffered no ill effects. The scuttle was open but no one was to be seen. Afterwards, we heard that a butler from a near-by house was the culprit. He said he only wanted to frighten the occupants of the house, which he thoroughly succeeded in doing.

The operation was successful and my sense of taste and smell became normal. Sometimes now, I feel that both senses are too keen.

One of my many eccentricities may amuse my readers. In the sitting room in Fifty-fourth Street, the sofa was so placed that both members of the family and callers had a habit of putting their heads against the wall. I knew that sooner or later there would appear dark

spots, as the cushions placed there never stayed. To my children's consternation, I used to pin pieces of paper where the heads would make a mark. To this day, our old friend Mike Goldsmith kids me about it.

In olden times, men, when visiting their girl friends, were not allowed to stay later than ten-thirty. If by chance, a guest calling on either Emily or Frances overlooked the time, I would walk up and down the hall stamping my feet or else I would turn on the water for my bath. This they knew was the signal for them to leave and for the house to be closed for the night. The maids were required to be home by that hour. Windows and doors had to be locked and the house virtually shut up. Nowadays, each maid must have a key to the house or apartment and come home any hour of the night.

I think I was the only mother who insisted upon my daughters being brought home from late parties by either their brother or a maid. It was not until they were quite grown-up that they were allowed to come home with an escort unaccompanied by either of the above mentioned chaperons.

One evening, just before dinner, John's friend, Mr. Phillpotts, cousin of the author, came in to see him. The two had met abroad. Of course, John wanted to ask him to stay for dinner, and I did not like to refuse to have any of his friends. I was in a predicament. I had just two chops apiece. Fortunately, I had a competent waitress and a word to her was sufficient for her to raid

the icebox and a delicious dinner was served. Besides the chops, cold tongue and one or two other dishes, not on the original bill-of-fare were handed around and several chops were left on the platter!

I came upon a little verse in the newspaper which is very à propos:

Curse to a Cut of Meat

When at six your good spouse comes into the house
With two guests you didn't expect
It's the best to keep steady and serve what is ready,
But if you bought chops you are wrecked.
You can stretch out a steak and generally make
Canned vegetables fill in the spaces;
You can carefully strew a stew planned for two
With toast in convenient places.
Hamburger, bologna or cheesed macaroni
Look larger with garnish on top——
But if your supply's insufficiently high
You cannot make two of a chop!

—Virginia Brasier.

In 1896, I took a cottage at Saratoga again—this time without Frederick and Maud. It was on Union Avenue. Lily Levy had one opposite, which made it very pleasant. It was so hot there that year that Bertha had to fan me continually. I was much too prostrated to do anything. I made up my mind that I would never go there again for any length of time and I never have.

It was there that my sons tried to teach me to ride a bicycle but I couldn't keep my balance. Frederick and Maud came and stayed with me and they used to go to market for me. They bicycled every day and when they

came home they were so hot that I used to call them "the drowned rats"—not very elegant, but very expressive of their condition! We had a billiard table in the house and I used to play incessantly but if I did so now I would consider it a waste of time. I hired a plot of land near by and had a tennis court made for all the children. I can see John now, hurrying home to change his underwear and get back to the court. I think it was there that I became intimate with Addie and Rachel Cardozo. Ernest and Mike came frequently to be with the children.

If the greater part of this narrative seems devoted to our weeks in the country, remember that the winters were usually occupied with much the same routine—school and playing in the street occupied the children's time, sewing and reading kept me busy.

I think it must have been Cousin Rosalie Allen who recommended Manchester, Vermont for our next summer outing. I must say, I never liked the place and Frances' illness did not add to my love for it. I need not touch upon its seriousness . The agony I underwent for two years, seeing her suffer and knowing that no doctor seemed able to decide what ailed her. However, with constant treatment, she improved. Thank God that she was spared and is now the happy mother and grandmother of lovely children!

The first year we were at Manchester, there were only oil lamps to light the hotel. Gas was not missed—the lamps were well kept and the light was ample for

all purposes. After lamps, came gas and Welsbach mantles and, of course, electricity. The mantles were cylinders made of chemicals which radiated light when the gas jet was lighted. At that time, we thought we had wonderful light for reading but judged by a 300-watt bulb it would seem very inadequate.

As summertime came around again, the question, "Where to go?" arose. I did not want to go back to Manchester. It turned out that Mizzen Top at Pawling was my next selection. For two consecutive summers we were there. Mr. Howe, the proprietor, was very kind. Aunt Clara was then becoming old and feeble and could not go up and down stairs more than once a day. As there was no elevator, she was allowed the use of an extra room on the ground floor free of charge.

The following summer, I was again persuaded to go to Manchester. I liked it no better than on my first visit.

For the two succeeding summers, we again went to Mizzen Top. My first visit there had brought me some dear friends among whom were Mrs. Fitch W. Smith and her daughter. This year, 1938, Mrs. Smith will celebrate her ninety-ninth birthday.

The next summer we spent at Shelter Island. It was there that I met my devoted friend, Helen Kerr (Mrs. John Clopperdon). I had decided to go to Easthampton with my children. She told me not to do so as the prejudice was very strong against those of Jewish re-

ligion and that, consequently, my daughters would not be well received. I took her advice. I can well imagine how difficult it must have been for her to tell me such a disagreeable fact. I felt, however, that she showed true friendship.

I am proud to know her. For years she was president of the Society for the Preservation of Riverside Drive and it is largely through her efforts that we now have that beautiful drive along the Hudson. Last year, since the members believed their work was finished, the society went out of existence.

When this good friend advised us not to go to Easthampton, we decided to take a tour through Massachusetts and finally wound up at the Sipperwissette Hotel in Falmouth. It was there that Joe Cullman began coming to see Frances. Although they did not make their engagement public, their courtship continued without a break.

It was Joe who introduced "Dinks," the Boston bull pup, into our lives. When she first arrived, she was about six weeks old and couldn't walk up the stairs. With great rapidity she became everybody's pet. Dinks was the most intelligent animal I have ever seen. Bertha did most of the training and, of course, took first place in the dog's affection. When Bertha went out, Dinks sat at the head of the stairs and waited there until she came back. If we told Dinks to play the piano, she would run and jump up on the piano stool and

thump the keys with her paws. The moment anyone told her to go upstairs for her doll, she would rush to obey.

Our pet was still in the puppy stage the summer we went up to Falmouth and we took her on the train in a basket. Because of her we were not allowed to take a parlor car and made the long trip in the day coach. When Bertha and Frances went into the dining car, I remained behind to make sure the conductor did not discover Dinks in the basket under my feet. You can imagine how uncomfortable the journey was.

It was at Far Rockaway one summer when our pet was run over and killed. When Bertha and I heard this bad news over the telephone, we wept as if it had been a human being who had died.

Chapter Eight

THE FOLLOWING winter, Frances announced her engagement to Joe. When she told Emily of her engagement, Emily replied: "He is so short!" Although he may be short in stature, he is big in all other matters. When at Yale, although he was the son of wealthy parents, he tutored for pin money. For the many years that I have known him he has been most affectionate. I have often been his guest at his summer home for weeks at a time.

When Father Cullman came to visit me for the first time after Frances announced her engagement, I told him that I had no dower for her. He was, as usual, most courteous and sympathetic and said he required none. I am sure he and Mother Cullman have been repaid by her affection. She was like a daughter to them and the love between them was ideal.

The other evening, Adah Marks reminded me of her earliest recollections of her first meeting us in Fifty-fourth Street. We were exhibiting Frances' trousseau in the basement. I had bought an inexpensive, though appropriate one, which I felt I could afford. Everyone was talking at once. Adah and Peggy had never heard such noise. They had just arrived from England and our high nasal American voices were like thunder. I hope she has now become accustomed to the noise. She

is willing and happy to come and dine with me with or without noise. We are always in fits of laughter, especially when the United States Trust Company dealings are subject for conversation.

Later, when Frances' wedding came, there were many discussions as to who should be asked and who should stay for the dinner. It was settled that sixty could be accommodated and the immediate family and intimate friends stayed. Mazzetti served the dinner and it was prepared according to the Dietary Laws. Letters written to me on their wedding tour are waiting for them to claim. Perhaps Frances Nathan Jacobs will find them interesting to read for probably times will have changed when she is middle-aged just as radically as they have since the days when I was married.

Of course, it was a great event for my little "Tweets" to go to housekeeping and start on her own. She and Joe bought a little cottage at Far Rockaway. I can see Mother Cullman arranging her china closet and probably both of us giving old-fashioned advice.

Father and Mother Cullman, who have passed on to the great unknown world, deserve a word of tribute. They were two of the noblest characters I have ever known. Mother Cullman was always affectionate and solicitous of my welfare and more than a mother to my "Tweets." She wanted me to feel that we were sisters. Father Cullman, "the great seigneur," jolly and happy, befriended and gave much pleasure to many of his friends and associates.

A word for "little Howard," whom I always remember in knickerbockers or short trousers and who now has the splendid record of being the President of the Beekman Street Hospital, Vice-chairman of the Board of the Port Authority of New York, and who holds many other important posts. He calls me "the dragon" but I know that it is a name of endearment and not one of dread.

Shortly after Frances' wedding, I received my first call to assist the doctor at a confinement case. I was awakened in the middle of the night and went up to one of my nieces who had sent for me. When the child was born, the doctor placed her on my lap and said: "Spank her until she cries—not too hard or you will kill her—but it is necessary to make her draw breath." You can imagine how nervous I was. It was either "kill or cure."

Another member of the family, with whom I was during her confinement, kept saying, "Never again!" To my astonishment, about a half-hour afterwards she said, "Next time . . ." She had, apparently, already changed her mind, and intended to have another child.

I have been an assistant at eight births and have held the power-of-attorney for five members of the Nathan family.

In 1910, Frances Nathan III, was born in New York at Father Cullman's in Seventy-first Street. From that time she was called "Nan" which had been my nickname. Unfortunately, "Nan" did not thrive. A wet

nurse was secured and from that time on she gained in health.

Shortly afterwards, Father Cullman gave the Northeastern Construction Company, with which John is still connected, the order to build a stone house for Joe and Frances opposite the one they had occupied at Far Rockaway from the time they were married. It was that same spring that I went to spend Decoration Day with them. The new house was not quite finished. That night, I woke up feeling ill but waited until morning before telling anyone. When the doctor came, he found it necessary for me to have a trained nurse and instead of one night, I spent a month enjoying their hospitality. The children were so concerned about my condition that they had Doctor Barrows come down from New York to see me. It was unfortunate that I was ill at that time as Vira Lyon was married at Emily's house and I was unable to be at the ceremony. I should very much have liked to be present.

I spent part of many summers at Far Rockaway. One of my greatest pleasures was to drive Joe's horse attached to a two-wheel dogcart. I was a fearless driver. When horses were superseded by motors, my regret is that I never learned to drive.

Two years after Nan's arrival, Joe III was born. I wanted to be on the spot but a trick was played on me and I didn't know in time. As usual, I found out. Emily's chauffeur told me he had taken Doctor Barrows out to Far Rockaway, and I boarded a train and arrived

not many minutes after my fourth grandson was born.

The birth of a child is one of the great feats of nature. To me, nothing is so wonderful and sacred. If there is anyone who doubts the existence of a Divine power, let him witness a birth. At that time a feeling of spirituality and a knowledge that there is a higher power comes over me. No one has yet made the like and even those who invented the robot have been unable to create life.

Two years later, William Arthur was born, and named after his uncle Arthur. When word came that the little mother needed me, I ran across the street to her house and was able to give her courage. Doctor Barrows left the room and I was petrified. The nurse was downstairs and the mother wouldn't let me leave her, holding my hand so I couldn't move. I had visions of officiating alone, but fortunately my melodious voice reached the doctor, who came to my aid. As the saying is, "No pleasure without pain," and certainly her son proves the rule.

Another Cullman grandson was named Edgar Meyer after Joe's dear friend, who was drowned in the sinking of the "Titanic."

One year passed and again I was summoned by Frances to greet another grandson who was named Lewis Benjamin after his great-grandparents. This time she was taken to the Women's Hospital—the first child not born in a home. Frances was a little ahead of schedule time and no special nurse had been engaged. Dr. Vine-

berg had such confidence in me that after she came from the delivery room, he left her in my care. At 2 A. M. the matron, or head nurse, came in and ordered me to leave. Frances and I expostulated and said that no special nurse could be had and that I was to stay with her until the day nurse arrived. No argument availed. I was obliged to leave my patient alone and take a taxi to Sixty-ninth Street. Fortunately, she did not need anything during the rest of the night.

EMILY WOLFF CARDOZO
My Daughter

Chapter Nine

WHEN Emily told me she had decided to marry Ernest, I was very much surprised, as only a few evenings before I had told Maud that I did not think they would marry. Her wedding was a little different from Frances' as she gave a large reception after the ceremony. Thorley, the florist, had decorated the house for both weddings. Everyone said it was beautifully done. Mazzetti again furnished the supper. The bride and groom spent their honeymoon in Europe. Emily's letters are saved and will be given to her children. On the return of the bride and groom, the steamer was scheduled to dock at 6 A. M. Vira Lyon slept at my house and we went down to the dock at 5 A. M. so as to be on time. They landed at nine, so we had a good long wait.

The following year, their first child was born, Anita Rosalie: and as usual I was summoned. It happened to be the Eve of the Day of Atonement. I sat up with her practically all night. I always attended Synagogue that evening and the whole of the next day, but I would not leave her. I fasted my usual half-day and said what prayers I could. I was with her until the event took place, September 25th, 1909.

The following summer, Ernest took a cottage at Deal, New Jersey. I was their guest for several weeks at

a time, going from there to Frances' at Far Rockaway and back again.

In September, 1911 Emily's second child was born—Michael Hart. The telephone rang and I was told I was wanted. I was very tired and refused to go. I said I didn't believe the event was imminent. A second ring of the phone said I must go, so I went and was with my dear child and received her son as he came into the world. I kid him now and tell him he was very ugly and looked like a "Jap"! I will never forget his hands, which looked to me as large as mine.

Again, a happy summer at Deal and Far Rockaway. Sometimes, when I feel very happy, I dread the future, for so often sorrow has come to me after being so elated.

One day, the following November, Emily and Frances were taking lunch with me. During the meal, Emily turned to me and said: "Mother, if anything happens to me, will you take care of my children?" I think I turned white. I know I felt my heart sink and a feeling of despair come over me. I replied that I would. Frances then remarked, "Don't worry about Nan. Mother Cullman will take care of mine."

All through December, Emily's health was failing. Her last Sunday evening, before she gave up, was spent with me. Lily and Louis Levy were also with us. I won't go through the two harrowing weeks of her illness and the agony of a devoted husband. Everything was done to save her life, but to no avail. God willed it

otherwise! Many times I have thought that she was spared earthly trials!

Again, I was completely crushed. It took me a very long time before my mind could concentrate. Books meant nothing to me. However, God was good and after awhile gave me back my strength, and I took interest in work.

I remembered my promise and resolved to devote my time to Emily's two children. I went from my Fifty-fourth Street house to theirs every day and gave them their supper and saw them put to bed. Friday afternoons, I took my dress suitcase and stayed until Saturday night. I did not unpack anything, but used the top of the bureau to put my dress suitcase on. Ernest begged and entreated me to live with him. He was willing to build an extension for Arthur and me, but I would not consent. I know no house is large enough for two families, especially for young and old members. Remember, that when I began to care for the children, there was a span of two generations between them and me.

That summer, Ernest took a house at Allenhurst and I went with him. Mrs. Dunworth, the nurse who was with Emily when Mike was born and also during her illness, spent the summer with us, which, of course, took a great deal of responsibility from me.

While I was there, Arthur telephoned me that he had rented 31 West Fifty-fourth Street and had bought 33 West 69th Street. Of course, I was astonished, but I

was glad too, as then I could move next door to Ernest and supervise the children left under my care. I had not seen the house. I don't think many persons have had houses bought for them without seeing them first. I can't say I was very pleased with the interior, but with a great deal of white paint to supplant the dark paper on the walls, I became more contented. However, I did not regret leaving it in 1928 to come to the apartment which I still occupy.

To make it easier to care for my sacred legacy, an opening with a door was made which connected the two houses and was called by the children "the hole in the wall." I was always fortunate in having capable maids (you will see in subsequent chapters, that I had to change my mind) and ran both houses, engaging Ernest's maids as well as my own. Ernest and I took turns dining at each other's houses, as I thought it would be a change of atmosphere for the grief-stricken father.

Seven years later, Ernest's second marriage took place and the problem of who was to care for the children arose. I felt that since Emily had requested me to do so, I was the proper person. I am glad to say that this was agreed upon. That fall, the "hole in the wall" was closed and the children came into my house. Unfortunately, I found Mike rather obstreperous so he was sent back to live with his father. A very short time afterwards, he returned to me. In recalling those days, I think and feel sure that I was as much to blame as he

ARTHUR, FRANCES, MYSELF AND JOHN

MYSELF AND SIX GRAND-CHILDREN—1914

MYSELF—1925

MYSELF AND NINE GRANDCHILDREN

was for our small differences. I was so very nervous that I exaggerated and multiplied every argument.

In 1920, Nancy occupied the small extension rooms in Sixty-ninth Street which led to my room. She was ill with mumps and Mike was on the third floor with measles. I was running up and down stairs many times during the day to amuse each in turn.

One afternoon, while I was with Nancy, Mike called me to go to him. Nancy yelled up and told him that he did not love me as much as she did. He replied, "I do when I'm sick."

As he was seldom sick, I fear I was not often in his affection. Now that he is a man, I feel sure his love for me is permanent, as he shows me in many ways even when he is well that he has me in his heart.

It must have been about this time that he asked me to compose a noonday prayer for him and I wrote the following:

Half the day has passed, O Lord
And health and strength are mine.
I ask Thee now to bless the rest
And make me good and kind.

I do not know how often he has said it!

About this time, I also composed another prayer for myself. I couldn't sleep and had extra worries and so one morning at 5 A. M. I wrote the following:

Teach me, O God, the way to live
And be a comfort to those I love.
Let my lips be taught to always give
Solace to those whose hearts are sore.

Subdue my spirit, control my thoughts
Be with me always, be my guide
My real Redeemer whom I sought
Destroy all anger that may arise.

Mike went to the Berkeley Irving School in 1918, and then to Andover. After his graduation from Andover, he went to Dartmouth College and later attended the Yale Law School. As my apartment was not large enough for both Nancy and Mike to live with me, he had a room in Arthur's apartment. When Arthur married, Mike made his home with me until his marriage in 1937. I furnished one of the maid's rooms which he occupied during his college vacations until Nancy married and her room became his. Now it is the spare room. Those who have occupied it for any length of time are Nancy and her family, and Malvina. Several others for overnight.

I felt very gratified when I received a beautiful letter from Mike last year and I would like to quote one or two paragraphs from it.

"Having just spent my last night as a regular member of your household, I feel like writing to tell you that I have been very happy. You mentioned some early disturbances, but I realize that most of them were trivial. . . . I consider that I have had a happy life and I hope that you will realize that having a home with you and with your children, has been very vital in bringing that about. . . ."

One evening, just before the time was drawing near for Nancy to go to the country with her father, for the second time since his marriage, I heard footsteps on the

stairs and a little voice crying, "O Granny, I can't leave you. I want to go with you this summer." I allayed her fears and told her that she could. I had arranged to go to Lake Sunapee and managed to get accommodations there and took her with me. Of course, I felt very happy that she preferred me to her father and his wife. Ever since that night she has been given the name of the "apparition."

After coming home from Sunapee, I invited those of my family who had been there to a "Sunapee dinner." My two granddaughters, Nancy and Nan acted as waitresses. I had a lake, or rather a semblance of one, in the middle of the table. An elaborate menu was written, vegetables were served in half-filled bird bathtubs and as each guest selected his or her meat or poultry, he or she was told, "Given out, no more," which was the slogan of the hotel. Of course, a regular dinner was served afterwards.

Another dinner which I gave was one for my children, who had enormous appetites. As a centerpiece I had many cans of vegetables and fruits piled up. I had special small loaves of bread made for each person. Water was served in large celery glasses. (Of course, celery glasses are not used now and perhaps many of the younger generation have never seen one.)

Nancy's graduation at Bradford Academy at Haverhill, Massachusetts, I was fortunately able to attend. At that time she again appeared as an "apparition." By special permission she was allowed to sleep in my

room on a cot. The night turned cold and she awoke and said she could not sleep. I invited her into my bed, which invitation she accepted. She snuggled up to me, warmed up, and fell asleep. But alas! there was no sleep for me that night.

Only last summer, Nancy and Ann (her daughter) were at Stamford and I had a room next to theirs. One night, Nancy came into my room at 2 A. M. and woke me up. She said she was sure a mouse was in her room, would I go in and sleep in the bed next to her? I complied. She was quite happy and fell into a peaceful slumber. I, however, stayed awake as it is not easy for me to change beds in the middle of the night. I could not see how or why my being in the room could have prevented the mouse appearing. She was right in her surmise, however, for afterwards eight or nine mice were caught in the bathroom closet adjoining her room.

However, to return to my story. She spent two or three summers at camp and then attended Smith College, graduating in 1927. Arthur, Gwen his wife, Mike and I went to the celebration. I was very glad to be able to be with her, as she would have felt very lonesome without some one near and dear to her at a time when all the other girls had their parents with them. Probably, all who read this have attended commencements, but it was the first one I had seen. Northampton, where the college is situated is just a college town, but the scene on the lake at night, with the college girls rowing and singing made a very beautiful sight. The

shore was lighted with lanterns, and all around were the college girls and their escorts sitting or strolling about. It was all very picturesque.

While she was in college, I received a very lovely letter from Nancy which I prize:

Dearest——

This marks the sixth "Mother's Day" that I have been away from home and the last one, I hope for a number of years to come. What amazes me more than most other things is my growing appreciation of you during these same six years. At first, I remember just being vaguely homesick. I was unable to see why I should feel that way, since living away was undoubtedly the best solution to those trying days. Now I know. School then was more or less a pleasant burden that I honestly admit I enjoyed. You remained the pleasant memory at home but there was as yet no understanding of what you were doing for me.

My first months were too full of myself to allow me to consider anything else. But with the loss of that one interest that had held me so engrossed, I was able to view my life, short as it was—with different eyes. I felt much more mature—and if that whole unpleasant experience did nothing more—it did make me more sensitive and understanding of what others might be feeling.

I don't think you can ever realise how much thinking I have done in these past three years—lying awake at night, while walking to and from classes, even in the back of my mind while I probed my friends for their opinions on "weighty" matters of life. And all these thoughts have inevitably come back to you. First in such apparently small matters as having conscientiously tried to keep my room neat, being on time, keeping myself clean and neat. Passing on to deeper matters, you have most certainly influenced my actions toward men and in their actions, perforce—towards me. I am honestly thankful to you for this help, I have often doubted your policy and advice.

But I know now I could not have been happy following any other course.

I can never be grateful enough for the taste of religion that you have given me. I may not feel bound to observe the ritual of our religion but its essence and worth I am only beginning to appreciate. The culmination of your inspiration led me to know the most princely of men—who, in my opinion—next to you—is the most godlike person I ever expect to know. I refer to Mr. Bixler, Professor of Religion.

You may not realise, but it has been through watching you that I am finally, I think, trying to live more uncomplainingly. I wonder how you could have stood my horridness. I remember myself so well in those days. I was really awful. I hope continually that you have not regretted too much the promise that you gave mother. If by some magic, I could say one sentence to her, it would be "to thank her for extracting that promise from you." She could not have given me a more wonderful thing than to know you as I have.

I am looking forward so eagerly to living with you next year. Please don't mind my funny crossness. I would certainly miss yours. It is probably nothing but our pent-up feelings most of the time.

Chapter Ten

My grief and changed mode of living after Emily's death, left me in a very run-down condition. By Arthur's request, I was induced to have Doctor A. Richard Stern, who for the first time became my physician. He prescribed a rest cure. Doctor Stern retired in 1937 and now comes to see me socially but I know that if I needed his advice he would gladly come and give it.

I submitted to the treatment as I really felt that I could not keep going any longer. I was put to bed and "Ma" Dunworth, of whom I have spoken, came and nursed me. I was only allowed to see two or three of my intimate friends each day. Of course, as Arthur was living with me, he was allowed to sit with me oftener and longer.

I was stuffed with nourishing foods. One day, I ate and digested nine eggs, one-half pint of cream, one-half pound of butter, cereal, cocoa and kumiss. When the cereal was brought to me it was not very hot. Afterwards, I learned why it was not served as I wished. Had it been so, I would have found it swimming in butter. The quantity of food that I was consuming, was also kept from me, but when the bills came in, I discovered by the charges what had been bought and was then told what I had eaten. I gained twenty pounds during the

eight weeks that I was in bed, but when I started to run around again, I lost ten of them.

One day I asked "Ma" Dunworth to write a postal card to the library for a certain book. She couldn't find a postal, but wrote a letter enclosed in an envelope with a two-cent stamp. Arthur told her that I would raise a row because she had not used a postal card. She said I would never find out. Arthur replied, "She finds out everything." The book did not arrive on time so I wrote inquiring about the delay. When the book came, the envelope with the two-cent stamp was in it, so I did find out that she had not used a postal card.

While I was on the "rest cure," Joe and Frances went to Europe. They were back in time to see me get up.

In 1915, I had my appendix taken out. One Friday, Doctor Stern told me I had better have an operation. I told him I did not want it done on Saturday, my Sabbath, and Sunday would be Doctor Barrow's day of rest, so I decided Monday would suit me. I did not want the children to worry for three days, so I tried to make all arrangements without their knowledge.

The operation was to take place at home, so I had the little end room thoroughly cleaned. Saturday, Frances came to see me. I thought I was conducting myself perfectly natural, but I suppose I overdid it and she asked me what was the matter. I said, "Nothing." She went home but returned soon afterwards and insisted that I was keeping something from her. So I had to tell

her. On Sunday, Arthur was told and John received a telephone message. They all spent the evening with me and one would have thought it was my last night on earth. Ernest was so upset that he sat up all night looking out of the window. At seven the next morning, Nancy and Mike came in to say good-by with a little old-fashioned bouquet held tight in their hands.

The doctors and the anesthetist arrived on time. I felt like Marie Antoinette going to the guillotine. The sun was streaming into the room. I said to the doctors, "Pull down the shade, the sun is in my eyes." Then immediately afterwards, "Never mind, I will not see it in a minute." Ether was given to me for the first time since my operation nearly forty years before. I had decided at that time never to take it again unless absolutely necessary.

When ready to go to sleep for the night, I told the nurse that I did not want her to sit up and look at me all night. She said she would have to do so, such were her orders. I said, "You get into bed next to me, I can call you if I need anything." She complied and I imagine she was scared she would be reprimanded the next day by the doctors. My recovery was normal and rapid but because I got up too soon I had to return to bed a few days afterwards.

In 1926, my brother Julian had an operation for hemorrhoids performed by a doctor of whom neither he, nor Doctor Stern, nor myself had heard. It was so successful that I, who had been suffering with them for

years, engaged the same doctor and went to the Lexington Avenue Hospital for the operation. None of us had ever heard of the hospital before. I did not tell John until after the operation, when I telephoned him myself. Arthur and Frances had to be told.

I again made a rapid and complete recovery. I kept my promise to myself and took no ether. When I was ready to go home, my three children came for me. They thought I would have to be carried up the stoop and stairs, but I was so well and strong that I almost ran up. I always had two bêtes noires—one was living in a boarding house, and the other was having to go to a hospital. I was agreeably surprised that the latter was not as disagreeable as I had expected. The former fear has yet to be tested.

In 1916, Jessie's husband passed away at Rowland Park. I was with her during his illness and stayed on sometime after his death to try to bring my dear sister back to normal health, which had been seriously impaired in 1902 by the death of her daughter. Several times a year I would go and stay with her.

When she returned to Baltimore a few months after her husband's death, Harmon and I decided it would be advisable to bring her to New York, where we could be with her and supervise the nurses. We took an apartment for her in the Majestic Hotel, Seventy-second Street and Central Park West, which was close to us. Every day we went to see her to try to make her life happier, but we were unsuccessful. She refused to

see anyone but my brothers and myself, and occasionally a few other members of the immediate family.

The following summer, we took rooms at Asbury Park for her as I was at Allenhurst, where Harmon also had a cottage. So in that way, we were both able to see her daily. On August 25, 1918, she passed away—a release for her. Her life meant nothing to her. She was buried in the Cohen plot in Baltimore.

Soon afterwards, Frederick became ill and died January 28, 1918, on the anniversary of the birth of his daughter some years previously. It seemed as if there were to be no cessation of my sorrows. He had been a devoted husband, brother and a wonderful uncle to my children. His noble character, his courtly manners and gentle ways, endeared him to everyone.

Chapter Eleven

In 1916, the World War clouds gathered and Arthur's patriotic spirit impelled him to go to a military camp. He had a difficult time to be admitted as one of his eyes had defective vision and two or three examinations were given before the board admitted him. He went to Plattsburg and after one year studying there, he was commissioned. The following winter, he went to Camp Upton and in April sailed for France in command of a Company. I can see him now, walking down Sixty-ninth Street on a Sunday morning, and, as I thought, probably to his death.

It is needless to describe the agony I went through during the year he was in the midst of battle. I would lie in bed at night and scream to let off some of my pent-up feelings. The maids, Mary and Kate, used to come in with the mail and wait to hear me read his letters, which I have carefully kept.

I am inserting here part of one of these war letters which may prove interesting to my readers.

Sunday Evening
France
September 9th

Dearest Mater,

I am almost standing up in a cave, not quite standing straight as the roof is too low. We have dug in here for a few days as Headquarters. We have had strenuous days and nights. How-

MYSELF AT SEVENTY

My First Great-Grandchild
FRANCES ANNA DOUMAUX

MYSELF AT FRANCES'
SILVER WEDDING

MYSELF AND ARTHUR

ever, I have had two fairly good nights' sleep way back in this cave. I am at least two hundred feet from the entrance. It is really wonderful. You get back there and you can not hear a shot, nor can you see a foot beyond your nose. Oh yes I can hear you. The air is awful. The smell bad. The dampness amounting almost to complete moisture, but it is a wonderful place to sleep. I think the air being so rotten and heavy just puts you to sleep.

Your letters of July 7, 10, 14 and 21st all received today. I was glad to get them all. It is strange that they come in bunches like that and so late.

Today we have had enough rain to satisfy any rightminded duck. But let it rain for the rain keeps the airplanes away.

It seems so strange my standing here writing all this stuff in between the work I am doing. We are in a real war now and almost between words, news comes in and messages go out. We use every known way to communicate, known over here as "Liaison." It's a real play that I am afraid will never be put on the stage. And many things happen that I know you would say never could if you saw it on the stage.

You keep wondering what I do. I am attached to the General Staff of the division in what is called G 3, or operations. G 3 gets out all orders in reference to attacks, advance, reliefs, in fact any and all movements of troops. We must know at all times just where all the troops are so as to know the situation. In a division, you have the General, then the Chief of Staff, who practically writes all orders in the General's name. In a way he is like an adjutant, but way up the scale. He has an assistant a Lieutenant Colonel, known as G 3, and G 3 has an assistant or rather two, of whom I am one. So in a way, I am always with the General, but do not act or as we say, function, directly under the General. Generally through the C of S or G 3. You are on the jump all the time and certainly have to watch your P's and Q's.

Of course I see the men in my old company but not very often, as I am really interested in those companies which are

in the front line fighting. When E company is in reserve or support I try to see some of them. Capt. Johnson now has my company and he says it is a mighty fine one and that he is proud of them all.

This letter was started over three hours ago. I write a few lines or sometimes a few words, and in between history is being written. I wish I could tell you of all that is going on. In a small way I am really writing history as I write the war diary every day and often smile when I read some of the items in the newspapers that I wrote myself. Maybe if you have any of the old papers I will be able to read you some of the parts I wrote. So you see if Mr. "Censor" would let me, I could give you lots of interesting news. Tell all my nieces and nephews that I often think of them. Enjoyed Nancy's letter so much. Also thank Aunt Maud for her letter.

Lots of love to all
Your affectionate son
Arthur.

It is needless to write about the anxiety we felt when Joe was at camp as to whether he would have to go across seas or be kept at home. But "all's well that ends well." He was spared the horrors of war and was able to be with his family and share the intricacies of life.

At this time I became a member of the Daughters of the American Revolution, as I wanted to establish my hundred-percent American citizenship. I formed a Red Cross group which met several times a week in my parlor. I had taken out all furniture and in its place had put in eleven sewing machines. I took charge of keeping them in order and was at work at 8:30 in the morning inspecting them. Lily Hendricks was vice-Chairman and superintended the sewing with me. An-

other noble soul that has since passed on! She holds a long and lasting place in my memory and affections.

We had to be very particular with the work because the Red Cross made special regulations as to how the garments were to be finished. We were both very rigid in carrying them out and were repaid by the fact that the Red Cross made us a regular auxiliary; our work was passed without inspection and sent direct to the different offices as they left our workroom. In the evenings my niece, Rosalie Nathan, used to come to the house and we would fold the garments and pack them ready to go to headquarters. She too has been taken to her eternal rest! A great loss and sorrow to her family.

At this time the "Flu" was very prevalent and I was inoculated. This upset me very much. I was often obliged to go into the dining room while the sewing was going on and lie down on the sofa to rest. At 12:30 I usually went upstairs to the sitting room and had my lunch taken there on the tray. Many of the workers stayed on, finishing their work, until one o'clock or after. As the sewing circle of the Sisterhood of the Spanish and Portuguese Synagogue had loaned us several of their sewing machines, I gave them the use of the parlor one afternoon a week. I did not attend any of their meetings, however, as I was too tired to work both mornings and afternoons.

Shortly after Arthur went to France, I organized the 306th Infantry Association. I called a meeting at my house in Sixty-ninth Street of the wives of the officers

of the regiment and many came. I had to preside. I was very nervous at having to speak and tell the object of the society. However, I managed to say something. Fortunately, Joe Cullman was with us and he relieved me and explained everything more plainly. Frances was elected Treasurer and, of course, I was President. The Association took rooms on Madison Avenue at Forty-first Street and every day I went there to see and answer letters and make arrangements for entertainments for the wives and families of the men "over there."

News came that Arthur had been made a Major and later the citation from General Pershing. The original now hangs in his study at Nyack. I am sure my readers will be interested in the following item:

CAPTAIN ARTHUR M. WOLFF, Adjutant, 306th Inf. during the attack on St. Juvin and Hill 182, October 14th., although very ill, he accompanied the regimental commander to an observation post, to which the regimental commander had gone to direct the attack on St. Juvin and Hill 182. No other staff officer was present. This officer, knowing this, although he fainted from exhaustion and illness three times during the night, made no complaint nor asked for relief, and it was not until the regimental commander saw him become unconscious from exhaustion that he was sent to the rear.

(Signed) Major General Robert Alexander
Promoted to Major, February 23rd, 1919
Recommended for promotion before the Armistice.

Several photographs of men "over there" appeared in daily papers. One day a New York paper had a picture of a man wounded in a hospital and he looked

so much like Arthur that I was very worried. Thank God it was not he! How he escaped, I do not know. He also thinks it was a miracle that he returned to me. He said he was not wounded, but to this day I feel he has concealed the fact from me, as I discovered a scar on his back which he persists in saying was not from the war.

He is now a Colonel in the 303rd Cavalry, 61st Division, having transferred from the 306th Infantry. At this date, August 28, 1938, he expects to go to Camp and train men to defend our country when needed.

I do not think it would be fitting to end this chapter without saying a few words of thanks to General George Vidmer, who was so wonderful to him during the war and is now a true and loving friend to me. I am always so pleased when he is in New York and finds time to come and see me.

Not long after Arthur returned from the war, he had his appendix removed and later submitted to another operation which left him in a very weak condition. He heard of a new cure—eating only raw vegetables. He went out to a sanatorium on Long Island and there tried the cure, which nearly put him into his grave.

For many years, I had been asking Arthur to take up bachelor rooms as I felt he was entitled to his own home and would be better able to entertain his friends than in my house where he was always afraid of disturbing me. He would never consent to leave me.

Then, I had the opportunity of renting my house in Sixty-ninth Street and the difficult task of finding an apartment confronted me. I saw the one which I am now occupying, with a small one in the rear for Arthur. However, I did not want to take them without his seeing them. One day, he felt well enough to come in from Long Island. He was so weak he could hardly walk. Mr. Whalen, the superintendent, thought he would never live to occupy his apartment. It was a tremendous task for me to move as I had to separate Arthur's belongings from mine so that they could be placed in his own apartment.

I was told that I should not bring my old-fashioned furniture. However, as usual, I had my own way. It all fitted in beautifully and everyone admires the old-fashioned beds, high wardrobes, bureau, chiffonier, work table and chairs. The room was large enough to place more furniture than I had in Sixty-ninth Street. Thanks to my old furnishings, I did not feel as if I were in a different atmosphere from that which I had known for the last sixty years.

It is interesting to know that where I am now living, on the corner of Seventy-fifth Street and West End Avenue, is almost on the site of the country place where my grandfather Harmon Hendricks lived. It was situated on a plot which covered what is now the whole block bounded by Seventy-sixth and Seventy-seventh Streets between West End Avenue and Riverside Drive.

Mike read this the other day in the records at the Register's office.

As I am writing this I live in an apartment and keep only one maid. Unfortunately, my cooking education was neglected, for in my youth, spent in a large house with many maids, it was thought unnecessary. My mother, on the contrary, was a wonderful cake maker and I used to love to watch her and then scrape the bowl of raw mixture. She also superintended the making of "soft soap" which was kept for washing the pots and pans. There was no Rinso or Gold Dust in her day! I am sorry that I didn't inherit some of her cooking ability.

On my maid's day off, she leaves my supper ready to be heated or else I sometimes prepare an egg. One night in particular a dish containing potatoes was ready to be warmed. I gaily lighted the top of the stove and put the dish right over the flame. To those who may be as ignorant as I was I tell the sad tale of the dish, for though it didn't "run away with the spoon," it split in two and that was the end of both the potatoes and the dish. Another night I thought I would light the oven. Everything went well until it was time to take out the dish. It was so hot that instead of being able to take it in my hand, I let it slide down on the floor and so another supper was uneatable. After these episodes, I decided that a pot with a long handle would heat my suppers.

In a previous chapter I stated that I always thought I was fortunate with maids. I will give two instances in which I was mistaken. I had a cook and a very good one, too. However, she was always very cranky in the morning. She stayed with me for ten years. But after she left, I was told that every day upon going downstairs she would stop in the butler's pantry and take a "swig" of whisky, which evidently did not agree with her temper. I also found that she would appropriate milk and bread tickets for her sister who had many children.

Few of you remember that, instead of a monthly statement, bread and milk tickets were sent by the firms to their respective customers—say five or ten dollars' worth at a time. I feel that I was instrumental in abolishing that custom. I wrote to the respective firms explaining my views and they accepted my advice.

The tickets, having been distributed to many houses for many months, were often very soiled. Before the tickets were abolished, I always insisted on having new ones. Today, it is the same with money. If the paying cashier at the bank has no clean money on her desk when she sees me coming, she runs and gets it.

My second unfortunate experience involved two maids who lived with me for many many years, both of whom I trusted implicitly. I always drew a large amount of money each month and kept it in a locked drawer. For several years, I could not account for the way in which the money decreased. One morning, in

bed, I soliloquised, "I have a twenty-dollar bill in the drawer so I won't have to get any money today." When I looked for it, it was gone. I put on my "thinking cap." I drew a hundred dollars and marked several five-dollar bills with my initials, put them back into the drawer and a couple of days after I discovered that the twenty-dollar bill had disappeared I asked the maids to lend me some money. They complied and I was handed some of my marked bills.

I said nothing to them of my suspicions and I then consulted my family and my lawyers. It was decided to have Arthur and a lawyer at the house. I told the maids I had lost some money, had anyone been in the apartment that or the previous day? They said no, that no one had entered and that if I thought they had taken the money they had better leave. To which, my son acquiesced. They left that day.

However, before leaving, one of the maids conversed with me and tried to make me accuse her of the theft. I refrained. She then remarked that I was too smart for that.

Bertha Dreyfous was a faithful employee in my household. In answer to my advertisement for someone to care for Frances, she applied for the situation. She decided to try the position for one week. When her charge married, after she had been with me for thirteen years, she left me. Her devotion to Frances during her illness in 1897 will never be forgotten. Up to this date, she comes to see me and we chat of old times.

For eighteen years, Max Goldman cared for my furnace and sidewalk when I lived in 47 West 54th Street. After I moved to Sixty-ninth Street, he resumed his original work, cobbling. His grandson, William Furie has taken many honors in his studies. Some of my readers may be interested in the following article:

Boston University News, May 19, 1936.

Three Societies Honor Senior

A record that has not been equaled in the history of the several honorary societies in this University has been made by William B. Furie, a senior at the School of Education, and a former student at C. B. A. With his recent election to Phi Gamma Mu, national honorary fraternity for students of social science, Furie is the only student to gain membership in three University honorary societies.

Other organizations that have honored him are Beta Gamma Sigma, national honorary fraternity of collegiate schools of business, which has a chapter at C. B. A. and Phi Delta Kappa, national honorary fraternity of education. According to the records of these societies, no other student has been elected to all three during his college career.

He was elected to Beta Gamma Sigma at C. B. A. during his junior year, an honor received by very few students. Usually membership in this organization is selected from the senior class.

Furie will receive the degree of B. S. in Education at the Commencement exercises in June, and will be awarded a master's degree in education next August. Both degrees will be conferred upon him before he reaches the age of twenty-three years. He expects to get a degree of Ph. D. from the University within two years. He already holds degrees in Hebraic literature and is principal of a Hebrew College in Worcester.

He has helped support his parents and other members of the family. Both he, and his grandfather, write me regularly. Goldman's grandson, Robert, William's brother, has just won a scholarship in the Boston University.

It does not seem out of place to say here, what comfort I have received from my present maid, Jean Lemon née Thompson. When she came to me four years ago, she was unmarried. Two years after, she told me she was engaged to Frederick Lemon and asked if I would keep her after her marriage, meaning, I suppose, to come to me daily. I asked her if she would like to have her husband come to live with her in my apartment. Of course, she was delighted.

After her marriage, two years ago, she and her husband became part of my household. I gave them the two rooms in the rear of the apartment; one is fitted as a sitting room and the other they keep as a dressing room. I have never for a moment regretted my decision. Each in turn looks out for my comfort and no two families could be happier.

Chapter Twelve

MANY of my eccentricities amuse my friends. There is an episode which my adopted daughter, (as I call her) Vira Lyon Scheuer, never tires of telling. She was spending several weeks with me at Shelter Island, for since Emily and Frances were married, I would have been alone. We shared a large room. One morning, she opened her eyes and saw an umbrella over me and couldn't understand why, as I was in a room and no rain could fall on me. On questioning me, I told her that the sun was in my eyes and that I couldn't sleep and said, "This room will not be mine tonight." After breakfast, I called the room clerk and said I wanted another room as the sun woke me at 5 A. M. He replied that it was a beautiful sight but I told him it was just as beautiful at 10 A. M. as at 5 A. M.

Another time, Vira looked at me to see if I was awake. I raised my head from under the bedclothes and said "Yes," and from that time until now she has called me "Turtle," as that is the way turtles raise their heads from under their shells.

Another night she opened her eyes and saw something jumping up and down and was rather puzzled and alarmed. After awhile, she became accustomed to the sight and found it was only I, trying to work cramps from my legs.

Now you can appreciate why I like a room to myself. I can jump up and down, get up when I like, talk and walk at all hours. Instead of using an umbrella now to keep the light from my eyes, I made a black muslin shield and keep it on with an elastic. Since I made mine, something similar has been put on the market.

One day, not very long ago, I thought I should have some face powder for guests and I went to Altman's for it. The saleswoman asked what color I wanted. "Color!" I replied, "Why I don't know!" I did not know that face powder came in "colors." I have never used either paint or powder. I was entirely ignorant of the art of making my face beautiful.

The first time I cast my vote, I was asked what business I was in. I replied, "Everybody's!" The clerk there asked, "Everybody's Magazine?" mentioning a popular publication of that day. I have never since been facetious at poll booths.

About three years ago, I went to consult Doctor Ellis about my eyes. He was the successor to Doctor Wheeler, who to everyone's sorrow has just passed on, 1938, at the early age of fifty-eight. He had succeeded Doctor Hunter, who in 1874 was an assistant to Doctor Noyes, my oculist at that time. Doctor Ellis was looking up my "case history" which was in his desk drawer when suddenly he laughed. I asked him what the joke was. He took out a letter which proved to be one of mine, written several years before I was married, thanking Doctor Noyes for his diagnosis and cure of

my illness. He told me my brain was starved and ordered me to eat a great many eggs!

The summer of 1926, Vira, Addie Cardozo and I were told that Rosco Farm was a beautiful summer resort, so we three decided to go there for a few weeks. It was beautiful to look at, but the table and service did not suit us, so we packed up and returned to New York, having stayed there only three days. Vira decided to stay in town, but Addie and I secured rooms at Crawford in the White Mountains and spent many happy weeks together.

The summer was always a problem, so the next year I decided to join Julian and Sadie at Star Lake in the Adirondacks. I was very happy there for six summers. I met many pleasant people and many became very dear friends. Mr. and Mrs. Sayles, the managers, were always more than kind and looked after my comfort in every way. When I first went there, there was no place to sit and read. The large hall was always filled with card and mah-jongg tables. There was a small room off the hall and at my suggestion, Mr. Sayles made it into a library, furnishing it as such. Books were placed on shelves and loaned to the guests if they applied at the office. Cards and games were not allowed and it was called, "Mrs. Wolff's room." Those who wished a quiet evening to read had some place to go.

About the end of August, I would go to Stamford and stay with Joe and Frances. I would take the train

to Harmon and their car would meet me and take me to "Cedar Lodge" where I would remain for a few weeks before coming home. One year, just as I was going downstairs to take the bus to Gouverneur where we would meet the train, I slipped and fell. I was alone in my room as it was early in the morning and so I didn't call anyone. I knew I had hurt myself badly. I managed to pick myself up and go downstairs where Julian and the rest of the travelers were waiting for me. I got into the seat next to the driver and thought I would be the only one to take the front seat, when to my dismay another woman got in to sit next to me. I was in great pain and could hardly move so that she could squeeze in. In an hour's time, we reached Gouverneur. Then, and then only, I told of my accident, and said I could not attend to the baggage which I had always done. I was able to board the train still suffering with intense pain in my shoulder. I forced myself to play cards to while away the time. Sadie said she had never seen me cry before. The tears rolled down my cheeks if I moved my arm.

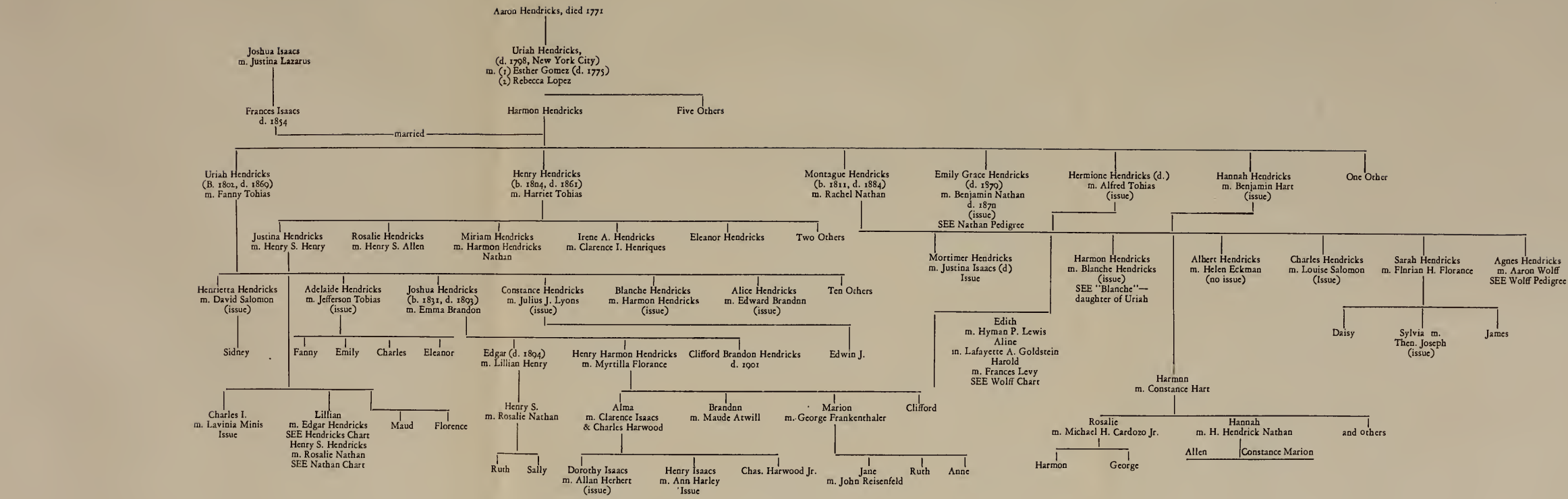
At Harmon, Charles the chauffeur, met me and when he saw my condition wanted to take me direct to the hospital. But I would not consent. At my entrance to "Cedar Lodge," the family was on the porch to give me a hearty and happy welcome. Of course they were very much concerned about my condition. I insisted on sitting down to dinner but had to be helped upstairs to undress and go to bed. The next morning,

Frances took me to the Stamford Hospital where an X-ray showed my collar bone had been broken. I cannot sufficiently thank the whole household for their loving care.

The maids were always ready and willing to do all in their power for me. As I am writing this, Blondie Loeb is still here, faithful in her duties and solicitous of my needs, making me comfortable in all ways.

I was unable to go up and down stairs alone as the banister was on the side where my arm was in plaster. For three weeks the pain from my broken bone and discomfort from the heat of the plaster cast were very severe. At my age, bones frequently do not knit. However, I was fortunate and made a complete recovery in the usual three-week period. Had I been anywhere else, where I would not have had so much attention and care, I would have been obliged to have secured a nurse.

When Katie Strauss, one of Frances' maids, unpacked my suitcase the other day at Stamford, she remarked that she had seen my dresses for many years, but she thought the medicine bottles must have had "little ones," as I brought so many more. I feel that a word of appreciation is due her, Annie Thomas, Elise Houle, and Charles Heiser.


Aaron Hendricks, died 1771
Uriah Hendricks, (d. 1798, New York City) m. (1) Esther Gomez (d. 1775) (2) Rebecca Lopez
Joshua Isaacs m. Justina Lazarus
Frances Isaacs d. 1854
married
Harmon Hendricks
Five Others
Uriah Hendricks (B. 1802, d. 1869) m. Fanny Tobias
Henry Hendricks (b. 1804, d. 1861) m. Harriet Tobias
Montague Hendricks (b. 1811, d. 1884) m. Rachel Nathan
Emily Grace Hendricks (d. 1879) m. Benjamin Nathan d. 187n (issue) SEE Nathan Pedigree
Hermione Hendricks (d.) m. Alfred Tobias (issue)
Hannah Hendricks m. Benjamin Hart (issue)
One Other
Justina Hendricks m. Henry S. Henry
Rosalie Hendricks m. Henry S. Allen
Miriam Hendricks m. Harmon Hendricks Nathan
Irene A. Hendricks m. Clarence I. Henriques
Eleanor Hendricks
Two Others
Mortimer Hendricks m. Justina Isaacs (d) Issue
Harmon Hendricks m. Blanche Hendricks (issue) SEE "Blanche"— daughter of Uriah
Albert Hendricks m. Helen Eckman (no issue)
Charles Hendricks m. Louise Salomon (Issue)
Sarah Hendricks m. Florian H. Florance
Agnes Hendricks m. Aaron Wolff SEE Wolff Pedigree
Henrietta Hendricks m. David Salomon (issue)
Adelaide Hendricks m. Jefferson Tobias (issue)
Joshua Hendricks (b. 1831, d. 1893) m. Emma Brandon
Constance Hendricks m. Julius J. Lyons (issue)
Blanche Hendricks m. Harmon Hendricks (issue)
Alice Hendricks m. Edward Brandnn (issue)
Ten Others
Edith m. Hyman P. Lewis
Aline m. Lafayette A. Goldstein
Harold m. Frances Levy SEE Wolff Chart
Daisy
Sylvia m. Then. Joseph (issue)
James
Sidney
Fanny
Emily
Charles
Eleanor
Edgar (d. 1894) m. Lillian Henry
Henry Harmon Hendricks m. Myrtilla Florance
Clifford Brandon Hendricks d. 1901
Edwin J.
Harmnn m. Constance Hart
Charles I. m. Lavinia Minis Issue
Lillian m. Edgar Hendricks SEE Hendricks Chart
Henry S. Hendricks m. Rosalie Nathan SEE Nathan Chart
Maud
Florence
Henry S. m. Rosalie Nathan
Alma m. Clarence Isaacs & Charles Harwood
Brandnn m. Maude Atwill
Marion m. George Frankenthaler
Clifford
Rosalie m. Michael H. Cardozo Jr.
Hannah m. H. Hendrick Nathan
and others
Harmon
George
Allen
Constance Marion
Ruth
Sally
Dorothy Isaacs m. Allan Herbert (issue)
Henry Isaacs m. Ann Harley Issue
Chas. Harwood Jr.
Jane m. John Reisenfeld
Ruth
Anne

Chapter Thirteen

WHEN my children reached an age when I felt I could without neglecting them, undertake some charitable work, I commenced visiting several families on the lower East Side. I sincerely hope that conditions have improved. I recall one family that lived in a cellar in the rear of a tenement where the rays of the sun never penetrated. Of course, that was before the Federation of Jewish Charities had been established and now trained workers accomplish much more than an amateur did in my day.

The Sisterhood of the Spanish and Portuguese Synagogue had no organized club. In 1901 I consented to be chairman of the Club committee. Emily, Frances, and I started a club of girls in St. Mark's Place. For years we went to the rooms twice a week. The club was called "The Loyal Club" and then consisted of about ten members whose ages averaged between fourteen and sixteen years. A few years afterwards, the sisters of the Loyal Club wanted to join them, but as there was quite a disparity in their ages, I decided to form a club for the younger members. "The Friendly Circle" was formed. Esther Moscowitz, now Mrs. Treusand, was engaged as leader and endeared

herself to the girls. She is now the mother of a son who is at Yale, and they are living on Park Avenue. The work was growing too much for me, for my daughters had married and were unable to help. Miss Rose Jaines, now Mrs. Blondheim, was secured and later on Miss Marion Gold, now Mrs. Lewis, shared leadership with me. Both have made their mark in the world.

The two clubs, the Loyal and Friendly, have always kept in touch with me and for many years the members with their husbands and children have met at my house for jolly reunions. Not long ago the clubs met, and the Friendly Circle joined the Loyal Club and as such will be known as The Loyal Club of the Sisterhood of the Spanish and Portuguese Synagogue. Officers were elected and I was given the honor of being made Honorary President. At a meeting of the Sisterhood a motion was made and carried to invite the Loyal Club as a whole to affiliate themselves and become part of the Sisterhood, and it was decided that a delegate from the Loyal Club should be present at each Board meeting.

On March 9th, 1916, the clubs of the Sisterhood had a meeting in the Synagogue which I attended. I was rather surprised to see Arthur come in full dress. At that time he was leader of one of the boys' clubs. To my astonishment and dismay, I was called to the platform to receive a loving cup engraved with the following inscription:

"To Mrs. J. R. Wolff
From her
Grateful Friends
of
The Neighborhood House
March 9th, 1913."

Of course a speech was called for. I tried to stammer out my thanks. When I had finished, though I had hardly begun, the late Mr. Schwab congratulated me on the fine speech I had made. "It was all right," said he, "until you opened your mouth." You can see that I was not a born orator and probably many who read this book will think the same of me as an author.

At that same time I was also chairman of the Boys' Club and succeeded in interesting Messrs. Henry Elias, D. Henry Cardozo, my son Arthur and others who for several years led clubs. One of Henry Cardozo's "boys" was Max J. Schneider, now President of a Synagogue in the Bronx and President of the National Safety Bank and Trust Company of New York City. He married one of my club girls, Rose Tanzer, who unfortunately died last year. A short time ago I saw an item in the paper concerning Mr. Schneider. It stated that a check had passed through the New York Clearing House written in the Amharic language and personally endorsed by Haile Selassie, that the check was drawn on the National Safety Bank and Trust Company of New York and represented a gift to the

Ethiopian Red Cross from Max J. Schneider, the bank's president. The Emperor's Amharic endorsement (in which the date is given by the Ethiopian calendar) was translated: "Received at the time of the Maskal Feast and sent to the Red Cross. Haile Selassie I. September 25, 1929."

As I am writing about the Sisterhood, it does not seem untimely to mention Emily who, to my great happiness, took an interest in its work. She was one of the organizers of the Junior League of the Sisterhood, of which Frances was treasurer. After she graduated from the Junior League she became Secretary of the Sisterhood. Upon her death, I received the following letter from the Sisterhood.

Your co-workers have asked me to tell you of the great love and sympathy they all feel for you in your sorrow, in the death of your daughter. She was endeared to all of us, not alone for her devotion to her work, but by her ready sympathy for the poor and afflicted. As your love and teachings enabled her to become the woman she was, now her children will reap the same love and care and "live to call you blessed." May you find comfort and consolation in the love of your daughter and sons and may the Almighty give you strength to bear your trial.

(Signed) Rachel G. Nathan
Cor. Sec'y.

At present I am second Vice-president of the Sisterhood and Chairman representing the Hadassah for the Youth Ilyah. This organization sends Jewish children to Palestine from the countries where they are persecuted. I am also chairman for the annual fund-

raising drive for Federation of Jewish charities, member of the Succoth, Sewing Circle, Finance and Cultural Society of the Sisterhood, and member of the House Committee of the Synagogue.

Some of my other activities include serving as Vice-chairman of the Holy Vestment Committee, and I am proud to say that I have made Sefar covers for the scrolls containing the five books of Moses.

I also take a great interest in the sewing circle of which Mrs. Cecil Marks is our competent chairman; but I am unable to go to the Synagogue every Monday afternoon where the sewing takes place. Instead, I take the garments home and sew in my study where I write, rest and listen to the radio. I like sewing better than eating!

In 1937 and again in 1938 I consented to become Chairman for the Woman's Apartment House Division of the Red Cross and sent each tenant an appeal for donations for the annual drive. I am glad to say that the Red Cross wrote me that I had been very successful in the amount I sent.

In 1930, in conjunction with the Red Cross the Sisterhood of the Spanish and Portuguese Synagogue was able to obtain unmade garments for women and children free of charge. I asked a number of my friends to meet in my apartment twice a week to make the garments and during the winter months one thousand and thirty-five garments were finished. Half of these were sent to the Red Cross and the other half were dis-

tributed among many different Jewish organizations through the Sisterhood.

Just here I might mention another charitable work which I helped to start long ago. In 1888 the Columbia Religious and Industrial School for Jewish Girls was reorganized in my house. The late Mr. Adolphus S. Solomons presided. His daughters Rosalie (Mrs. N. Taylor Phillips) and Lily (Mrs. Napoleon Levy), two of my dearest friends, were present with many others. The purpose of the society was to combat the proselytizing which existed in the neighborhood of Columbia Street. I am glad to say that this practice has almost disappeared. In many ways the people have become more broad-minded in this city. The society is still functioning and the children are now meeting in Eldridge Street and are taught sewing four days in the week and religion every Sunday morning.

Twenty-six years ago the older girls formed an alumnae group and every year have a reunion dinner or dance which members from distant cities attend. As a natural course of events many have married. Those who live in New York or the suburbs meet once a week in Eldridge Street with Miss Stein who reads interesting books and discusses current events. It is most gratifying for me to feel that I have been spared so long and can look back to the time when the society was first organized.

Chapter Fourteen

SOME YEARS ago the funeral of my cousin Julius Lyons took place from the Matah House or Chapel in the Cypress Hills Cemetery belonging to our Synagogue. I was appalled at its bare and unsightly appearance. There was nothing but a large room with a stove and a few uncomfortable benches. Shortly before that event, on the anniversary of Emily's death, Stella Bach, a dear friend of mine and of Emily's, had taken me to the chapel affiliated with the Temple Emanuel where her parents had been laid to rest. I was so impressed with its dignity that I interested the members of our Synagogue in subscribing a sufficient sum of money to alter our Chapel. I was most successful and many contributed for memorial windows or bronze tablets placed on the backs of the benches. A reader's desk was installed and Stella presented a beautiful scarf which is still ornamenting it. The stove was abolished and a furnace substituted. Although the building is not quite as elaborate as the one from which I copied, the improvement is most apparent.

At that time, Mr. Mortimer M. Menken was President of the Congregation. He and the Board of Trustees gave me encouragement to go on with the work. Mrs. Albert J. Elias, Mrs. L. Napoleon Levy and Mrs. N. Taylor Phillips were most helpful to me in selecting

the memorial windows and taking me to the cemetery.

The 283rd birthday party of the Congregation Shearith Israel was celebrated in its present Synagogue, 2 West 70th Street, May 1, 1938. It took place in the L. Napoleon Levy Auditorium, which his wife refurnished and dedicated to his memory a few years ago. He had been a trustee of the Synagogue for 37 years and its President for 28 years. Those who participated were mostly descendants of the first congregants or those holding an important office at the present day. The part assigned to me on the program was an episode which took place in 1869 which I wrote and read.

The Trustees of this Congregation have selected me to represent and give a description of the dedication of the 19TH Street Synagogue. I *should* remember that event, for I was then one of its youngest members, and now, as I stand before you tonight, I think I am the oldest.

September 12, 1860, my uncle, Rev. Jacques J. Lyons, returned to his home at 7 West 19th Street, next door to the Synagogue, tired but very happy. He had just officiated at the dedication. The Synagogue was crowded down stairs with men, and the ladies' galleries were filled to their utmost. The men were dressed in Prince Albert coats, and silk hats. The women's costumes were not mentioned ! !

Mr. Lyons explained to a reporter the meaning of some of the ceremonials. He told him that he supposed he and some of the Christian clergy and laymen were surprised when he knocked at the door. Mr. Naphtali Phillips, who was thought to be the oldest Jew in New York City, gave him permission to enter. Then to the words of Psalm 118, 19th verse, "Open to me the gates of righteousness. I will enter them and praise the Lord." He entered at the head of a procession of elders carry-

ing fourteen scrolls of the law. Then came the marriage canopy carried by Mr. Solomon M. Seixas, Gustavus Isaacs, Laurens Joseph, and Harmon Montague Hendricks. After the Perpetual Light had been kindled by Mr. Lewis I. Cohen, the scrolls were carried round the Synagogue in seven circuits, while hymns were sung, until finally the scrolls were placed in the Ark.

The rest was easy to understand, for Dr. Arnold Fischel's lecture was in English, as also the reading of the prayer for the government of the nation, state and city, and an English prayer.

The closing hymn was the Jubilant 150th Psalm. The singing was beautiful. There were 18 voices, and 18 instrumentalists. The music was especially composed by Mr. D. Miranda, who also conducted the choir.

The building was simple, antique red marble columns flanking the Ark, and handsome stained glass windows. It was a great improvement over the building in Crosby Street.

And now the Remnant of Israel has journeyed further uptown, still adhering to the original Sephardic ritual.

Another one of my activities, was my membership in the Anti-Noise League. I had sent a letter to the Editor of The New York Times which read as follows:

I can understand why Magistrate Overton Harris wishes all noises stopped while he holds sessions in Yorkville Court. I am not a magistrate, but I too would appreciate it if some of the street noises could be stopped.

If Commissioner Valentine would detail a policeman on West End Avenue, which I mention because I live on it, between Seventy-fifth and Seventy-sixth Streets, and have him give a ticket to each driver who toots his horn unnecessarily, with a double fine for a second offense, we would soon have quiet streets.

Other disturbing elements are watering carts driving in low

gear, trucks hauling dirt to fill in Riverside Drive's new speedway, and fire engines, though the latter may be pardoned as necessary evils.

I received a notice from the Anti-Noise League and joined it. At first the society was instrumental in bringing about many arrests for infractions, but either there were too many culprits for the few "cops" or they are indifferent, but the blowing of horns still continues to rouse those who want some quiet either during the day or night.

Chapter Fifteen

My HEART was torn asunder when John announced his engagement to Mary Fuller Hollister. Although his choice was all that could be desired, he was the first of my children to marry one not of the Jewish faith. I can see myself sitting on his lap, both of us crying and each feeling and knowing that some unknown power had made him take this step.

How to solve the problem was very difficult—whether I should give him up and adhere to the old custom if one married contrary to our laws, or accept the situation and keep his affection. I chose the latter. I have lived to feel that I did the right thing. I cannot prevent my mingled thoughts and qualms, whether my parents would, had they lived in this age, have acted as I have, or severed all ties with their child.

"May," as we all call her, has proved a devoted wife and daughter-in-law and a splendid understanding mother and has won the love of the whole family. As I am writing these lines, I am at their home at Hempstead. They have been married twenty-eight years. During that time, they have always been ready and happy to have me visit them and have done everything to please me. If I have undergone many trials, I have also been the recipient of many blessings, the most out-

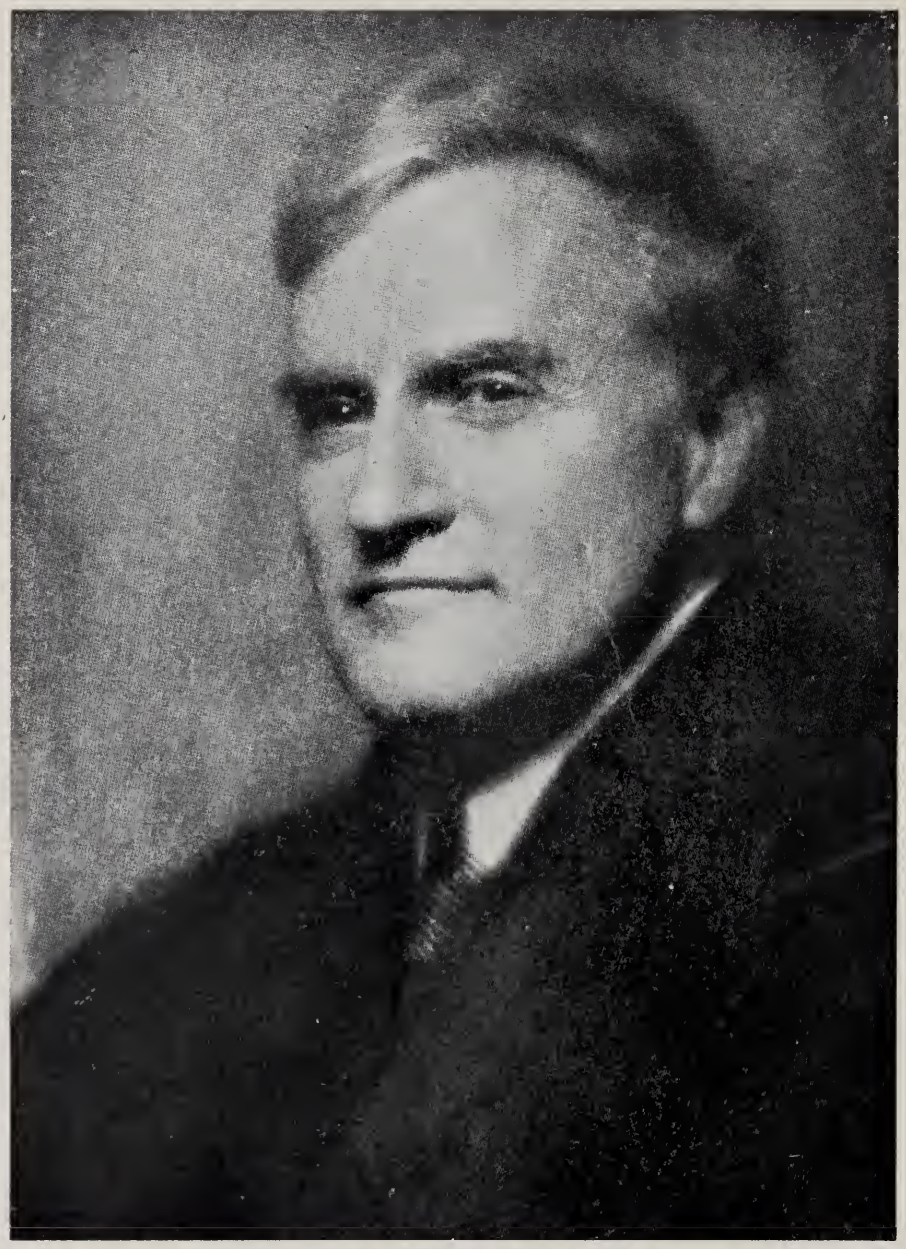
standing of which is the love and consideration both have given me.

However, it was very trying for me not to attend their wedding which was merely a legal one performed by a Judge. I felt very sorry that there was no religious ceremony, but realized that would have been impossible. May's mother, Mrs. Dudley Fuller, would not have been happy if a Rabbi had officiated, and I would have felt the same way if a Christian Minister had performed the ceremony. While they were being married, I went to Central Park and sat there with my thoughts. When I arrived home, the bride and groom, Emily and Ernest, and Frances and Joe, came to the house and I welcomed my son and his bride.

I should like to say here that I found Mrs. Fuller one of the loveliest and most understanding women I have ever met. I was always pleased to see her and have heart-to-heart talks with her.

A year after John and May were married, John Junior was born. Two years afterwards, Ralph joined the household. In 1935, John Jr. married a lovely girl, Jean Fitter. Alas, this was another wedding I was unable to attend because I could not face a mixed marriage. I went to the reception, however, so that I could see my dear ones in their happiness.

In 1932 another heart string was broken. Arthur told me that he was going to marry Gwendolyn MacLeod and again I could not go to the wedding of one of my children. After their marriage, which was per-



JUSTICE BENJAMIN NATHAN CARDOZO

formed by my cousin, Benjamin Nathan Cardozo, then Judge of the Court of Appeals, at the residence of Gwendolyn's aunt, they, too, came to me before going on their wedding trip. Like May, Gwen has proved a loving wife and devoted daughter-in-law, and has become a dear part of our family.

Nancy surprised me by falling in love with Jerome Doumaux, a man she had met only a few times. She, too, was married by a Judge without my being present. After the ceremony, I went to a small reception given at the Roosevelt Hotel by Joe and Frances.

Two years afterwards, my grandson Michael became engaged to Alice Corneille. Their wedding was very private and was held in July, 1937. Alice's brother Walter, her friend Ivan Blumenthal, Ralph Wolff and Charles Maxwell were the only ones to witness the ceremony which was also performed by a Judge. After the wedding, the bride and groom came to Arthur's at Nyack where her parents were waiting with me to welcome the happy couple.

In 1931 Joe and Frances celebrated their twenty-fifth wedding anniversary with a dinner and dance. They requested their guests to wear their wedding gowns. I was fortunate in having kept mine and I wore it, much to the amusement of those who were at the celebration. Those who did not see me then may look at the photograph taken by Mike.

In 1934 Nan Cullman had a very serious automobile accident out West. On her arrival in New York, she

was met by her father and Robert Jacobs who then and there found that he was in love with her and shortly afterwards their engagement was announced.

We were all very pleased at the engagement—I especially—as he is of our faith, the son of the late Harry Allan Jacobs, a noted architect and husband of Elsie Wolf Jacobs, an old friend of Emily's. He has become very dear to me.

They were married on June 2nd at "Cedar Lodge." It was one of the most beautiful weddings I ever witnessed. The bridal procession moved down to the pool where was erected a canopy of flowers which formed the Chupah under which Jewish marriages are performed. The Rev. David de Sola Pool performed the ceremony which was most impressive. The guests were seated on either side of the path. Afterwards, the bridal party assembled midway between the pool and the house and there received congratulations.

Then we adjourned to the house, where a large covered platform had been built and the younger set sat down for a delicious supper. The orchestra played and dancing was in order. The older group was seated on the piazza. I was among relatives and many friends among whom were Rev. David de Sola Pool, Maud Nathan and Mother Cullman.

The "Party Mart" managed the whole affair with good taste and served delicious food. Fortunately, the weather was good enough not to spoil the outdoor seating service. Although the morning was clear and hot,

MAISON FRANCOISE LA LOUPE
325 West End Ave.
New York City

Last year's hats made over for next year's style.
Coats from 1913 made to look modern.
Gowns Mid-Victorian are now being worn.
Button shoes are quite in vogue.
Cotton stockings are coming back for the elite.
High neck and long-sleeved underwear comes in handy when grandchildren are ill.
Long drawers are modest.
All may be obtained at above address at exorbitant prices.
Miss L. Napoleon Levy suggested your name.

MY SHOES
"Button Shoes Are Still My Style"

near midday it became cloudy and cold and nearly everyone had to put on coats and those who had not brought any wraps, had to borrow them. As I am always prepared, I did not have to borrow, having brought my coat, one that the bride's mother had given me some years before. It was only this Spring that I had the heart to send it to a thrift shop. One of my failings is to wear clothes long after the fashions have barred them and now, having worn high buttoned shoes all my life, read in today's paper that they are coming back into style. I have always maintained that if I wear garments long enough, they will be in style.

One afternoon, I was laughing about the old-fashioned dresses, hats and underwear which I wear. So I made up the advertisement on facing page and sent it to several of my friends.

One of the greatest pleasures I have had was when Nan Cullman Jacobs took her infant to Synagogue and had her named Frances Nathan Jacobs in front of the "Hechal" where the "Sefer" or Books of the Law are kept. The four Franceses participated in the ceremony—Frances Nathan Wolff, Frances Nathan Cullman, Frances Nathan Jacobs and her child, Frances Nathan Jacobs.

In the Spring of 1935, my grandson Joe Cullman III announced his engagement to Susan, daughter of Cecile and the late Harold Lehman, and grandniece of Herbert H. Lehman, present Governor of the State of New York. Shortly afterwards, Mrs. Lehman gave a

THE CITY OF NEW YORK.
DEPARTMENT OF HEALTH.

STATE OF NEW YORK

Registered Number

CERTIFICATE AND RECORD OF BIRTH

OF

Name of Child Frances Nathan Jacobs

Sex: Female	Color or Race: White	Twin, triplet or other: ..... Number, in order of birth:		Mother's Marriage Name	Frances Cullman Jacobs
Date of Birth	Feb. 15-1937	8.59 Hour	A.M. / ~~P.M.~~	Mother's Name Before Marriage	Frances Nathan Cullman
Place of Birth Street, No. and Borough	Doctor's Hospital, N. Y. City			Mother's Residence	N. Y. City (Manhattan / Queens / Bronx / Richmond / Brooklyn)
Father's Name	Robert Allan Jacobs			Mother's Birthplace	N. Y. City
Father's Residence	60 E. 67th St. (Manhattan / Queens / Bronx / Richmond / Brooklyn)			Mother's Age	27 — Color or Race: White
Father's Birthplace	N. Y. City			Mother's Occupation	Children — Nature of Industry: You guess
Father's Age	31	Color or Race: White		Number of Children Born to this Mother including Present Birth	
Father's Occupation	Architect	Nature of Industry: Slaving		Number of Children of this Mother Now Living	

large reception at her beautiful country place at Tarrytown on the Hudson. I am glad I was able to be present. When the Lehmans decided to go to Honolulu of course Joe wanted to accompany them. When they reached that port, Joe and Sue decided to get married and a Judge tied the knot. We all regretted that we were not present.

I was very pleased when Arthur Cullman announced his engagement to Cecelia Stein, daughter of Fred M. and Beatrice Borg Stein, who, as I related before, had played on the lawn at Saratoga with Frances, Arthur's mother. Their wedding took place on June 2nd, 1937 at the Plaza Hotel, and the ceremony was performed by the Rev. Jonah B. Wise. Dinner was served and all enjoyed the feast and the dancing.

I was spared to witness a beautiful and sacred ceremony—the wedding of my dear grandson, Edgar Cullman, to Louise Bloomingdale. As I mentioned before, we had been chums for a long time, playing jackstones and other games together.

Again we were fortunate enough to have the Rev. Jonah B. Wise, who rendered the service solemnly and although it was not strictly orthodox, enough Hebrew was chanted to make one feel the presence of the God of Israel. The view from where the "Chupah" of flowers was built and where the guests were seated is beyond my poor powers to describe. One could see Long Island Sound dotted with large rocks which

looked like small islands. Many boats were plying up and down the water. The weather was perfect.

After the ceremony, tables were brought out on the lawn and all sat down to a delicious supper. Many toasts were offered, and one was given by my grandson, Arthur Cullman to the three grandmothers of the bride and groom and to the great-grandmother, the only one present, meaning me. I rose and instead of taking a glass, I took a bottle of Champagne in my hand and went through the motions of drinking. It was a beautiful and loving gesture of Arthur's. I have many times before remarked on the love shown me by my children and grandchildren. Another loving tribute that I received was from Edgar, the bridegroom. It was a bouquet of beautiful small orchids accompanied by his card with the following inscription: "Granny dear, all my love goes with this bouquet to you." May the priestly holy blessing which was given at the ceremony rest upon the happy couple!

The bridal bouquet was caught by Betty Lehman. I thought that the women should not monopolize all the fun so I got a cigar, stopped the music and called out for all the eligible men to step towards me and threw the cigar. It was caught by young Mr. Wiener. He was so elated in thinking that he was the next man to be married that he rushed up to me, thanked me and kissed me. I had never seen him before, but hope that when he marries, I will be a guest.

Not long ago, I attended the wedding of Elizabeth

Miller whose father, Frank Miller is Frances' gardener. She was married at St. Mary's Catholic Church which is situated high on beautiful spacious grounds. On entering the church, I felt a feeling of deep veneration and reverence. The organ was playing and the event was one of solemnity. The large altar was beautifully decorated. Two acolytes came in and lighted eight candles.

The bridal procession was composed of six bridesmaids and six ushers, a maid of honor, and Frank with the bride on his arm. On ascending the altar, the bride stood next to the groom, Mr. Clear. They stood for nearly one hour while the priest was saying prayers in Latin. They knelt many times and were sprinkled with holy water. It was high mass, but they did not partake of the communion although the symbol was on the platter. The two acolytes came in and out from the side of the altar and went through many gestures, which unfortunately, I didn't understand. I was struck by the religious fervor which the congregation, young and old, evinced.

Chapter Sixteen

THANKSGIVING DAY dinners at Frances' were wonderful institutions. Sometimes twenty-three were seated around the festive board—the immediate family and a few intimate friends. The great feat was the competition which Father Cullman and I carried on while carving the turkeys. Each tried to serve the most guests in the shortest time.

At one of these dinners, I composed and read the following:

THANKSGIVING — 1930

Again by God's grace we assemble here
To give thanks for the blessings and enjoy good cheer.
When I look around and see young happy faces,
My heart throbs with joy and memory traces
Back to days gone by when I was young.
Then, my children's children were not born
And many of my pleasures were unknown.
Now my cup of joy is full
For the blessings I have earned.
We must thank our host and hostess
For their welcome and good food
For their kindly thought of asking us
To share their happy mood.
They shed sunshine on the table,
They give pleasure to us all.
May they have a long happy life
And with pleasure this feast recall.

At the instigation of my grandson, Mike Cardozo, my nine grandchildren gave a dinner at Claremont.

MY FIRST GREAT-GRANDCHILD

All were there with their respective wives and husbands, with the exception of Jerome Doumaux, husband of Nancy, who held his photo on her lap. The place cards were little live turtles with the appropriate name on each. Mine was a larger turtle than the others, and it had "Granny" inscribed on it.

Although I was not with them in person, I was in spirit, and a cake with the following inscription was sent by me: "To The Nine, and those of thine, that you've made mine."

I had a few of the family for dinner to celebrate my sixtieth birthday. After dinner, Joe and Frances took us to the theatre. Louis and Lily Levy joined the party. After the theatre, we went to Rector's for supper. Nancy and Mike gave me a very handsome silver vase with a suitable inscription.

When I reached my threescore-and-tenth birthday, to give myself a treat, I invited some of my chums to luncheon and the invitations read as follows:

Frances bids you come to lunch
Wonder if you had a hunch?
Date will be the same one six
Which put her in this awful fix.
Luncheon will begin at one
Which will take the place of fun.
Hope you'll come and be on time
For her sake and for auld lang syne.

Each answered in rhyme and votes were taken as to which one was the best. Number four was the successful contestant.

Be happy, be merry, be jovial, be gay
If you know what's the matter—it's our dear one's birthday.
Oh yes! I certainly remember
'Twas on the sixteenth of November
Her soul was born to such rare beauty
Whose aim was always to do her duty.
What shall we ask for the lady fair
In our heartfelt prayer?
True peace and health,
The world's greatest wealth.
Now in regard to the invitation,
I accept with pleasure and appreciation.

The writer was Sarah Lyons. I think it is fitting at this time to tell those who did not have the privilege of knowing her that she was to so many an inspiration. Her knowledge on all subjects, secular and religious, drew a large circle of friends, who either wished to consult her or just have a friendly chat.

After her death, the Trustees of the Congregation Shearith Israel erected a tablet in her memory which is hung in the L. Napoleon Levy Auditorium where the Sunday School meets, of which she was for so many years Superintendent. The privilege of unveiling the tablet was given to me and I read the following tribute:

I have been given the privilege and honor of unveiling this tablet in memory of my cousin, Sarah Lyons. It is especially fitting that this ceremony be held with the graduation exercises of this school, for she was its principal during the greater part of her life. She was one of the founders of the Sisterhood of this Congregation, in whose behalf I am now speaking, one of the organizers of the Junior League and of the Emma Lazarus Club, one of the first clubs for working girls in this city. The

younger members of this school may be interested in hearing something of her home life.

She was the only daughter of the Rev. Jacques J. Lyons, who was for many years the beloved Minister of this Congregation. Her devotion to her invalid mother and brother, her love for our holy religion, her heroic efforts to observe all its laws, often to the detriment of her health, will never be forgotten by those who knew her. Her versatile nature was most remarkable. Old and young were eager to visit her. For example, several of my grandchildren, when they were very young, were always glad to go and see her and have a talk with her, despite the seventy-year difference in their ages. An incident will show the interest she inspired. One of my grandchildren hesitated to visit her on a certain day because he had so little time to spare from his studies, and said, "I can't go today because when I get there I never want to leave."

Her older friends, and those who are present, will I am sure, appreciate how difficult it is for me to describe her many qualities more minutely than I have done. Her passing left a void in many a life, but all are grateful for the privilege of having known a great soul.

"They do not die
Whom we call dead
They go from life to life."

On my seventieth birthday, Joe and Frances gave me a dinner and to surprise me invited several of my chums. Of course it was very pleasant, and it is only one of the many tokens of love which I have received from them.

My seventy-fifth birthday—another milestone! Many dear friends came to congratulate me. My children, and those of my grandchildren who were in New York dined with me.

Two years ago, I celebrated my eightieth birthday. Many friends called, many sent letters, birthday cards and telegrams. Among those who sent me greetings were the Hon. Herbert H. Lehman, Governor of New York State, the President and Board of Trustees of the Spanish and Portuguese Synagogue, the Sisterhood, the Sewing Circle, and the Columbia Religious and Industrial School for Jewish Girls, the Alumnae Club of the above School and the Loyal Club. To commemorate this occasion, the Sisterhood sent ice cream and cake to the Talmud Torah School. Many of the children of the school sent me individual letters.

The following doggerel, which I think very clever and complimentary was composed by two of my dear friends, Elsie (Mrs. Leo) Arnstein and Elsa Herrmann, on the occasion of my eightieth birthday.

There is a dear Lady who
    Came from afar
Some call her Granny and
    Some call her Ma
She's eighty years young
    And weight not much more
But "pep" she has plenty
    And will power galore.
This Lady continues to
    Go on her way,
On foot and by trolley, by
    Night or by day,
Attends every meeting and
    Bosses them all——
Her mind it is massive
    Tho' her body is small——

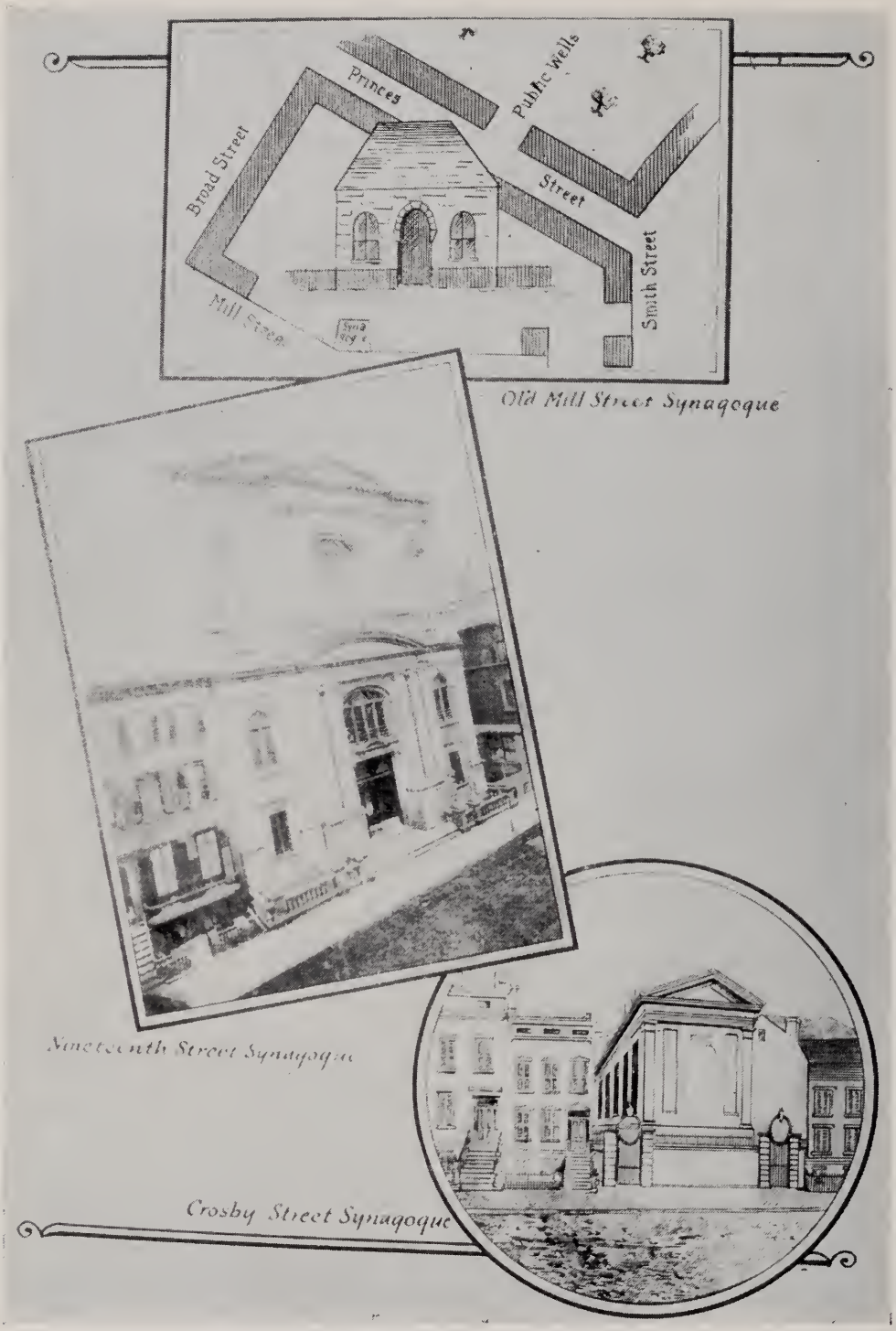
Her sons who in stature are
Splendid and tall
Are meek little schoolboys
When Granny lets fall
Her words so commanding
So wise and so true
They know she is right
So they never say "Boo"——
Now Frances finds ruling the
Cullmans her fun
She yells out her orders
Her chicks quickly run
Her friends do her bidding
Joe kneels at her feet
Just cross her in conflict
And you'll go down to defeat.
But when Frances over
To Mother's doth go
Not a soul would know her
Not even her Joe
She's meek as a kitten
She's mild as a dove.
Could it be Granny
Who does this?
The one we all love?
We love her so dearly,
This Granny who came
From Portuguese origin
With such a fine name
So long live the Matriarch
Long may she wave
So noble, so sweet, so good
And so brave.

Chapter Seventeen

IT MIGHT be interesting and worth while for the present and future generations to review a few of the most important phases of the establishment of the Jewish people in New York. In 1654 several Jews arrived from Spain to escape the Inquisition. The next year, 1655, they were given the privilege of living in New York which was then New Amsterdam. This date marks the beginning of the Congregation Shearith Israel. Peter Stuyvesant was then Governor. During his rule no public place of worship existed for the Jewish faith, and services were held in private homes.

In 1695, however, an old map shows that the Jews' Synagogue stood on the south side of Beaver Street, midway between Broad Street and Broadway. This is the spot where today is found one of the entrances to the New York Produce Exchange. Some historians, on the other hand, think that the Synagogue was always on Mill Street and a document dated 1700 offers evidence that a certain private dwelling on Mill Street was used for a Synagogue. At any rate the street was commonly called "Jews' Lane."

Our present Synagogue at 2 West Seventieth Street has mementoes of the early Eighteenth Century. In the entrance hall are two mill stones which in 1894 were taken there from the rear of 40 Beaver Street. In



SHEARITH ISRAEL SYNAGOGUES

PRESENT SYNAGOGUE OF CONGREGATION SHEARITH ISRAEL
2 West 70th Street

1725 the site of the Mill Street Synagogue was sold to the Trustees of the Congregation Shearith Israel. The price paid for the lot was $100, one loaf sugar and a pound of Bohea tea. Jacob Franks, who married one of my ancestors, was the largest contributor. From the old Mill Street Synagogue many articles are preserved in our present Synagogue. These include four candlesticks, the Tamid or Perpetual lamp which hangs on top of the Hachal where the Sefers are kept, and the Omer board which marks the number of days between Passover and Pentecost.

In 1805 Harmon Hendricks, Simon Nathan and others planned to build a branch Synagogue farther up town. The last service held in the Mill Street Synagogue was April 13th, 1833. After that, temporary quarters were found in White Street where services were held until 1834. Crosby Street was their next move. In 1860 a building at 5 West Nineteenth Street was ready for occupancy. Our present Synagogue at 2 West Seventieth was consecrated in 1897. Unless I am ill, I attend services there every Saturday.

I am not sure that most of those who read this book know the significance of one of our most important and holy festivals, Passover. An explanation may be timely for those who have never had the good fortune to be present at the celebration. This festival usually comes at the same time as Easter. Only once because of serious illness of a loved one have I failed to celebrate it. I have observed it with my son alone and last year

twenty-six guests sat at my table, children and grandchildren and many relatives. Ever since I can remember, first at my childhood home with my parents, and then in my own home I have joined the gathering around the supper table and read and chanted the Haggadah or Seder service.

Before the supper is served, prayers are said. On the table are symbols of our journey through Egypt after we had been driven out by Pharaoh. There are dishes of bitter herbs, parsley, horseradish and lettuce on one dish, a roasted egg and lamb bone on another dish. The former symbolizes our embittered life in Egypt. The latter the sprinkling of blood on the door posts of all Jewish homes so that the angel would recognize these houses. When no blood was on the door post, the first born in each Egyptian house was slain. During our escape from Egypt, we had no time to raise the dough for bread, so flour and water were mixed, which made matzoth, and for the whole week orthodox Jews eat the unleavened bread or matzoth.

Shavuoth or the Feast of Weeks commemorates the giving of the Ten Commandments by Moses on Mount Sinai. The chanting of the Commandments in the Synagogue is a most impressive ceremony. The decoration of plants, evergreens and flowers symbolizes them bursting forth from the Mount when Moses delivered the Commandments.

When I was eleven or twelve years old, my uncle, Rev. Jacques J. Lyons, who also was Minister of our

HAGGADAH OR SEDER TABLE
1938

Congregation Shearith Israel, taught me the "Marnishtanar" which when translated reads:

"Wherefore is this night distinguished from all other nights? For on all the other nights we do not dip even once, but on this night twice; on all other nights we may eat either leavened or unleavened bread, but on this night it must be all unleavened; on all the other nights we may eat any species of herbs, but on this night bitter herbs; on all other nights we eat and drink either sitting or leaning, but on this night we all lean." *

It is always recited by the youngest member of the family. I taught it to my child and grandchild, and I sincerely hope that one or all of my great-grandchildren will keep up the custom.

New Year, or Rosh Hashana, is celebrated in the fall of the year. It is in memory of the creation of the world. Ten days afterwards comes the Day of Atonement, Yom Kippur. On that day we ask forgiveness for our wrongdoings and we should attend Synagogue all day and should neither eat nor drink anything for twenty-four hours.

On the eve of this holiday in 1866 I was attending service. Part of the ceiling in the Nineteenth Street Synagogue fell. There was, of course, a great deal of excitement, in fact, a small panic. However, if I remember correctly, the service was not abandoned and no one was injured.

* As a mark of grandeur and freedom this mode of eating reclined, or leaning, especially applies to the Eastern custom of sitting at meals on cushions, but not on chairs.

I am sure, if one of my readers would visit our Synagogue for the first time when Succoth is being observed, he would be impressed with the beauty of the decoration of the Succah and the Elias Social Room adjoining which was dedicated to the memory of Albert J. Elias by his wife. The entire ceiling and walls are decorated with hydrangeas, foliage and all kinds of fruit, interspersed with electric lights. A long table is set with beautiful china which was the gift of some of our members. On the table are spread fruits, flowers for decoration, olives, wine and rolls made especially for the festival. In addition are loaves of bread or *chalah* which is passed to those present and eaten while the minister pronounces the Hamatze or blessing.

The significance of this festival is that it represents the children of Israel when they dwelt in booths on their journey through the desert after they were sent out of Egypt. Other symbols used during this festival are the palm-branch (lulab) which represents our frame, the citron (ethrog) which represents the heart, the myrtle leaf (hadas) the eye, and the willow leaf (arbenahal) the lips. These symbols teach us that our frame, hearts, eyes and lips are to be used in the service of God.

The last day of the festival is called "Simhat Torah" or rejoicing of the law. The five books of Moses are read during the year and on this day, the last chapter of Deuteronomy and the first of Genesis are read.

THE FOUR FRANCES NATHANS—1938
Frances Nathan Wolff, Frances Nathan Wolff Cullman
Frances Nathan Cullman Jacobs and Frances Nathan Jacobs

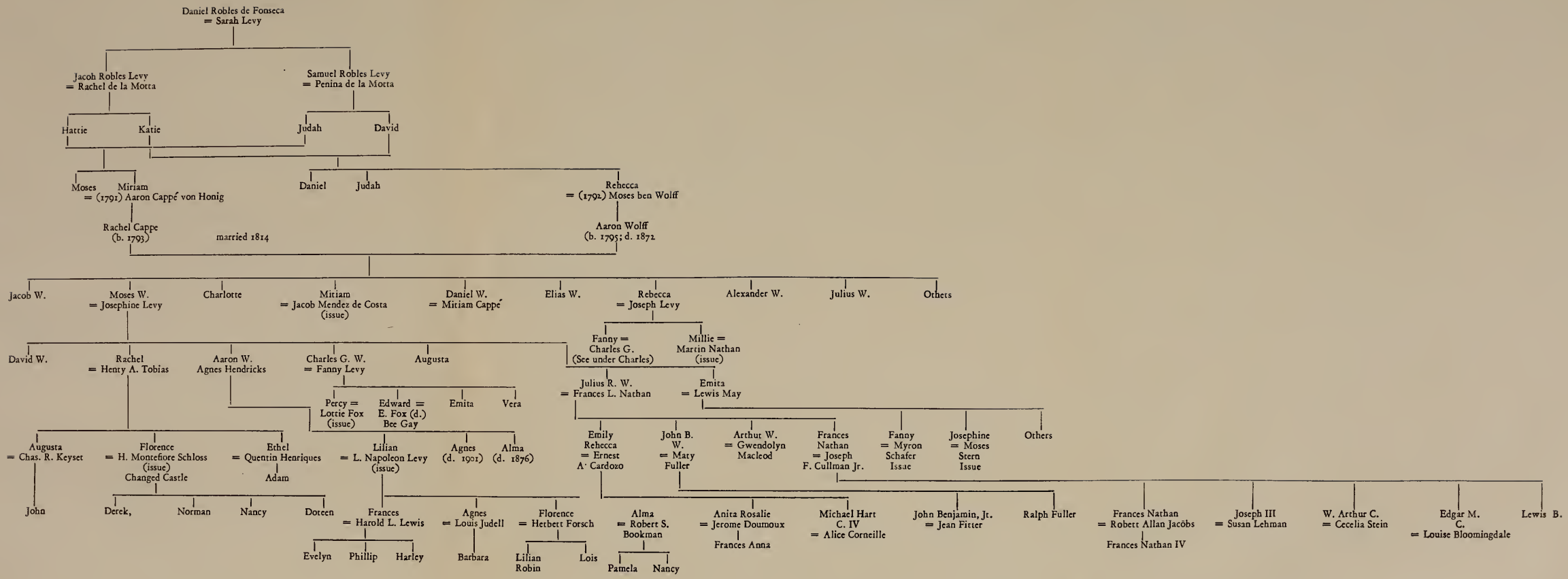
CONCLUSION

Before I add my final words I want my readers to know that I jotted down events of my life from memory. I kept no diary, therefore it has been difficult to arrange incidents in proper order.

The contents of this volume have no literary value, relate only the high and low spots of my life, and those concerning my children and grandchildren, whose loyalty and love have meant and still mean so much to me.

My book—I do not want to say my life—is drawing to a close. It has been long and some consider it eventful. I regret that I have been unable to relate more happy events. I am thankful that I have received and enjoyed so many blessings, good health, love and the devotion of my children, grandchildren and hosts of friends. I close this volume with the following quotation from the Psalms:

"Happy the people whose God is the Lord."


Daniel Robles de Fonseca
= Sarah Levy
Jacob Robles Levy
= Rachel de la Motta
Samuel Robles Levy
= Penina de la Motta
Hattie
Katie
Judah
David
Moses
Miriam
= (1791) Aaron Cappé von Honig
Daniel
Judah
Rebecca
= (1792) Moses ben Wolff
Rachel Cappe
(b. 1793)
married 1814
Aaron Wolff
(b. 1795; d. 1872
Jacob W.
Moses W.
= Josephine Levy
Charlotte
Mitiam
= Jacob Mendez de Costa
(issue)
Daniel W.
= Mitiam Cappé
Elias W.
Rebecca
= Joseph Levy
Alexander W.
Julius W.
Others
David W.
Rachel
= Henry A. Tobias
Aaron W.
Agnes Hendricks
Charles G. W.
= Fanny Levy
Augusta
Fanny =
Charles G.
(See under Charles)
Millie =
Martin Nathan
(issue)
Percy =
Lottie Fox
(issue)
Edward =
E. Fox (d.)
Bee Gay
Emita
Vera
Julius R. W.
= Frances L. Nathan
Emita
= Lewis May
Augusta
= Chas. R. Keyset
Florence
= H. Montefiore Schloss
(issue)
Changed Castle
Ethel
= Quentin Henriques
Adam
Lilian
= L. Napoleon Levy
(issue)
Agnes
(d. 1901)
Alma
(d. 1876)
Emily
Rebecca
= Ernest
A. Cardozo
John B.
W.
= Maty
Fuller
Arthur W.
= Gwendolyn
Macleod
Frances
Nathan
= Joseph
F. Cullman Jr.
Fanny
= Myron
Schafer
Issue
Josephine
= Moses
Stern
Issue
Others
John
Derek,
Norman
Nancy
Doreen
Frances
= Harold L. Lewis
Agnes
= Louis Judell
Florence
= Herbert Forsch
Alma
= Robert S.
Bookman
Anita Rosalie
= Jerome Doumoux
Frances Anna
Michael Hart
C. IV
= Alice Corneille
John Benjamin, Jr.
= Jean Fitter
Ralph Fuller
Frances Nathan
= Robert Allan Jacobs
Frances Nathan IV
Joseph III
= Susan Lehman
W. Arthur C.
= Cecelia Stein
Edgar M.
C.
= Louise Bloomingdale
Lewis B.
Evelyn
Phillip
Harley
Barbara
Lilian
Robin
Lois
Pamela
Nancy

APPENDIX

ANCESTORS OF THE WOLFF FAMILY

By Daniel Wolff

In the fifteenth century, under the reign of Ferdinand and Isabella, the Jews were expelled from Spain. The unhappy people were, within a year, compelled to leave their houses and everything they held dear in life to become wanderers in Eastern Europe, Africa, and the newly discovered western world. Many of the exiled found their way into Bohemia, Poland, and the Netherlands; others, seeking the shores of the Mediterranean, settled in Morocco, Algeria, and Tunis. Among these who went into the Netherlands were a family by the name of Robles de Fonsaca, who with other Hebrews later migrated to Essequibo in tropical America, which country had been taken possession of in the name of Louis, Prince of Orange and Duke of Batavia. From that family of Robles sprang Daniel, who was known as Daniel Robles and who was the grandfather of my maternal great-great-grandparents. Daniel had two sons by his wife, Sarah Levy: Jacob Levy Robles and Samuel Levy Robles. Jacob married Rachel de la Motta and had two daughters, Hattie and Kattie; Sam married Rachel's sister, Penina de la Motta, and had two sons, David and Judah. Daniel's wife and his two sons and their wives died when the four children were still young.

Daniel and his grandchildren continued to live in Paramaribo, Surinam, until the boys, David and Judah, grew to be men and established themselves in the island of St. Eustatius, under the government of Holland, where many of the descendants of the Hebrews who had migrated to Essequibo had removed, because of its more salubrious climate. Daniel and his two granddaughters followed the young men after a lapse of two years, with their movable property, to St. Eustatius, where David married Kattie. When David and Judah left Essequibo they dropped the name Robles and were thenceforward known by their grandmother's name, David Levy and Judah Levy. The changing of names was accounted an uncommon proceeding among the Jews at that time. They still had an undefined dread of the power of the Inquisition, and when obliged by force of circumstances to leave one country for another they adopted that place, thinking by so doing to prevent their movements being traced by their enemies. Hence it was that Daniel dropped the name of Fonsaca and David and Judah that of Robles de Fonsaca. The families who were then living in St. Eustatius who were known to be Hebrews were the Abendanons, Maggs, De La Mottas, Benjamins, De Limas, Daniel Robles, David and Judah Levy. David and Kattie Levy's children were Daniel, Judah, and Rebecca.

Judah and Hattie Levy's children were Moses and Miriam. Rebecca was my grandfather's grandmother

and Miriam my grandmother's grandmother, as will be shown hereafter. Of those who found an asylum in Bohemia from the persecution of the Spanish inquisitors, the family from whom our family in the male line sprang were among the number. They settled in Prague, where for several generations the oldest sons of the family were Rabbis. Rabbi Benjamin of Prague, as he was called, was the great-grandfather of my grandfather's and grandmother's grandfathers, who were two brothers' children. The elder one was named Wolff ben Jacob, and he was also a Rabbi in Prague, and my grandfather's great-grandfather. The other was Simeon ben Honig, who followed trade in Vienna, Austria, and was my grandmother's great-grandfather. The two great-grandfathers married each other's sisters. The children of Wolff ben Jacob were Moses and Wolff, my grandfather's grandfather, and Joseph, who died in a military hospital. The children of Simeon ben Honig were Aaron Cappé ben Honig, Jacobo ben Honig, and Anna ben Honig, who married David Cohen of Vienna. My great-grandfather, Moses ben Wolff, was educated to be a Rabbi and had taken his diploma when circumstances occurred to change the course he had prepared to follow; his parents died and he was alone. Simeon ben Honig had become rich in Vienna when the war for the possession of Silesia broke out between Austria and Prussia. Maria Theresa, Empress of Austria, called on the inhabitants of her empire for assistance, and among those who were foremost in offer-

ing aid to the government was Simeon ben Honig, the rich Hebrew merchant. He tendered to the empress a large sum of ready money, which was accepted, and in recognition of his act he was awarded the monopoly of the tobacco trade of the Empire on the promised payment of a percentage on the gross transactions. The war was continued for many years and at one time it was believed that Frederick the Great would conquer Austria, which caused consternation to all the people. Another great effort was to be made to force the Brandenburgers to return to their own country, but there was no money in the treasury. The empress assembled the wealthy men of the capital to propose a loan. Simeon was the head of the meeting, and was the first to offer the Government one million florins, to be paid back after the war ended from the tax he had to pay for the tobacco monopoly. The Empress accepted the loan on the terms offered by Simeon, and for other services rendered by him during the war conferred on him the title of Baron von Honigstein, after the name he had given to an estate that he had purchased, situated ten miles from Vienna.

Simeon gave his children the best education that could at that time be obtained in Vienna. His influence with the Empress procured his eldest son, Aaron Cappé von Honigstein, a civil appointment in the palace. His son Jacobo von Honigstein he placed with an advocate to study law. His daughter Anna married the wealthy merchant and banker David Cohen, as be-

fore stated. The eldest son, brought into daily intercourse with the courtiers, fell into an intrigue with one of the ladies of honor, whose secret, becoming known to the Empress, caused her dismissal to the estate of her father in Hungary and the seclusion of the young man in his father's house until a safe opportunity was offered to him to leave the country. The Baron's influence at court would not have availed to screen his son from the punishment the Empress would have inflicted for the breach of morals that the guilty pair had committed, to the scandal of the court; therefore he had to be sent away. The Baron, not wishing to send his son into foreign parts without a suitable companion, wrote to Moses ben Wolff, his nephew, offering to defray his expenses if he would accompany his son to Holland and remain with him until such time as the affair might blow over and he could with safety return to Austria. The proposition suited Moses ben Wolff, who left Prague with his diploma in his pocket to join his cousin in Vienna and to journey with him to Amsterdam, where they were made welcome by Mr. Abram Lazarus, the husband of the sister of Mr. David Cohen of Vienna.

The young men remained some time in Amsterdam, when the French Revolution broke out, and, fearing to be conscripted in the army, they, at the suggestion of Mr. Lazarus, determined to go to the West Indies. Baron von Honigstein had given Lazarus instructions to advance the young men money to any reasonable

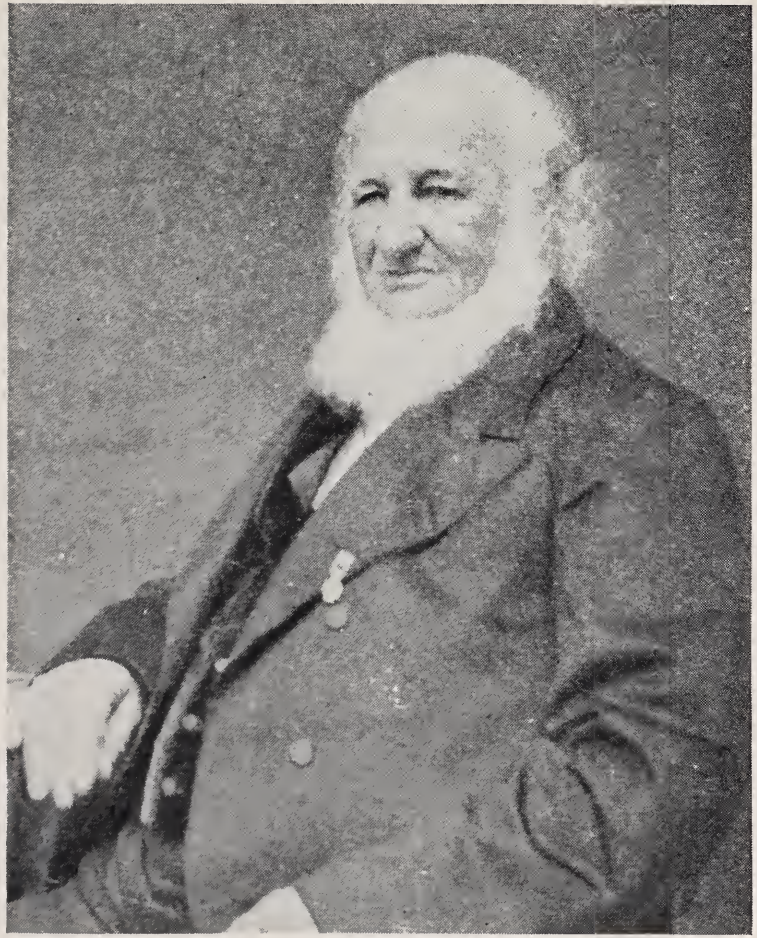
amount; therefore when the young men made up their minds to go to the Islands they chartered and loaded a Dutch vessel with an assortment of merchandise suitable for that trade. They arrived in the island of St. Eustatius in 1790 and established themselves under the firm name Aaron Cappé and Moses Wolff, by which name they were ever after known. It was not long after their arrival in St. Eustatius when they met the Levys. The following year Aaron Cappé married Miriam Levy, the daughter of Judah and Kattie Levy, and Moses Wolff married Rebecca, the daughter of David and Hattie Levy. In the graveyard in the island of St. Eustatius are to be found the tombstones of Daniel Robles de Fonsaca, Kattie Levy (born Robles de Fonsaca), Judah Levy (born Robles de Fonsaca), and other members of the family of Hebrews, whom we have nothing to do with in this sketch.

Children of Aaron Cappé von Honigstein and Miriam Levy:

Rachel, born 1793 (our grandmother)
Simeon, died 1829
Charlotte, died 1820
Judah (married Sarah Hohab).

Children of Moses Wolff and Rebecca Levy:

Aaron, born 1795, died 1872 (our grandfather)
Jacob Benjamin, died 1822
Hannah, married 1815 to Col. R. Lindlay of the British Army, died 1850)



LIEUT.-COL. AARON WOLFF

RACHEL CAPPÉ WOLFF

Ralph, married 1834, died 1850, Judish Pucto
Leah, married C. Mundez Da Costa, died 1866
Eskah, married Ben Mundez Da Costa
Miriam, married P. von Vlierden, died 1839
Rachel, married Isaac Cohen D'Azevedo
Isaac, died 1828.

The name of Von Honigstein was never resumed by the family. Our great-grandfather was known in business and social circles as Aaron Cappé, and at that time it was not his or his wife's wish that he should be known otherwise until he could return to Europe to claim the title and property that would come to him at the death of his father, with whom he was in constant correspondence as far as circumstances permitted. The families continued to live in St. Eustatius until 1812. In 1811 Aaron Cappé received news of the death of his father. His wife then pressed him to return to Europe to claim the title and property. He reluctantly left his wife and family. He wished to take them with him, but the fear of pirates, corsairs, and what not, with which the West Indies swarmed, prevented him from so doing. After a few months' voyage he arrived in Amsterdam and stopped with Mr. Abram Lazarus, from whose house he wrote his wife a letter filled with expressions of love and tenderness for the children. The next letter was received from Vienna, announcing his arrival in that city the previous night. From that time nothing more was heard of him by the heart-broken wife, who with her four children moved with our great-grand-

father Moses Wolff, his wife and family to St. Thomas. Within the second year from the month in which Grandfather Cappé had left his wife she was buried in St. Thomas.

In 1814 our grandfather and grandmother were married, and Great-grandmother Wolff died leaving a family of seven young people to the care of our grandparents. In the meantime changes had occurred in the several West Indies Islands, which were transferred from one government to another as a result of their constant wars, and as a consequence of these changes nothing was left to the family but houses and lands in St. Eustatius, which could not be realized upon because they would not sell for the value of the timber and stones of which they were constructed, and fourteen slaves, who were taken to St. Thomas with the family. In 1815 Great-grandfather Wolff died. At the time Jacob Benjamin was born all hope of hearing or learning anything of Great-grandfather Cappé had been abandoned.

Napoleon's return to France from Elba had set all Europe again in a blaze and communication with the old world was in a measure cut off. Mr. Lazarus had been written to, but he could give no information; neither could he account for the mysterious silence of Great-grandfather Cappé.

Aaron Wolff (son of Moses Wolff, alias Moses ben Wolff, and Rebecca Levy) and Rachel Cappé (daughter of Aaron Cappé, alias Aaron Cappé von Honigstein,

and Miriam Levy) were married in St. Thomas August 31, 1814, and their children were:

Jacob Benj. Wolff, born 1815, died 1850
Moses Wolff, born 1816, died 1855
Charlotte, born 1817, died 1817
Solomon Wolff, born 1818, died 1825
Daniel Wolff, born 1820
Miriam, born 1821
Elias Wolff, born 1822, died 1869
Rebecca, born 1824
Ruth, born 1825, died 1825
Alex. Wolff, born 1826, died 1868
Anna, born 1827, died 1828
Joseph Wolff, born 1830, died 1830
Julius R. Wolff, born 1834.

From 1814 forward the care of their fathers and mothers' families devolved on my parents. They in the course of time grew up, raised families; some of them died. At the start of life my parents had a great many difficulties to contend with. When the families left St. Eustatius to reside in St. Thomas they had, besides their clothing, household effects, and old family relics, nothing more than fourteen male and female slaves to house, feed, and clothe, and ten or twelve little beings; and getting a young family of their own, created a burden that two young couples at their age of 24 and 26 years, with no other resources than those mentioned, could only with great difficulty have carried as success-

fully as they did. However, it was done. The girls married well, for they were beautiful and accomplished young women, and nothing was spared to prepare them for the battle of life; the boys were as well cared for, though only two lived to marry, Ralph Wolff and Judah Cappé.

The struggle to keep the family together comfortably and to have the girls provided for having been accomplished, the bringing up and educating of their own children then became a source of pleasurable anxiety. As far back as can be remembered by our uncles and aunts, they know that grandfather's house was nightly visited by young people and their parents. Grandfather would have been, as far as money goes, a very wealthy man had it not been that he had two generations of people to start in life. He had been a successful merchant up to 1836, but had not saved much. During that year the merchants of the island, in conjunction with the planters, determined to establish a bank and invited grandfather to take the management at a salary of $3,000 a year, which he accepted. The same year he was elected president of the only marine insurance company in the West Indies, with an annual salary of $2500. The two offices therefore yielded, with certain perquisites, fully $6,000 a year.

In 1837 much anxiety which had altered his earlier life was removed. His sisters were married, and he was in a position to devote a sum of money to the search for my great-grandfather, information of whom was so

much desired. He was free of debt, had three valuable houses and lots clear of encumbrance, and a certain income of $6,000. In the same year he was appointed and confirmed "Stadtshauptmann" of the Island, which ranked him next to the Governor, in whose absence from the island he acted as such.

In 1838 Mr. Rothschild of Vienna was charged by grandfather and Uncle Cappé to employ agents in Vienna to investigate the case of Grandfather Cappé, which task was completed after a delay of over a year. As a result it was learned that Aaron Cappé von Honigstein, on the night of the 13th of November, 1811, was by *lettre de cachet* arrested and conveyed to the military fortress of Thiel, in Bohemia, where he was forgotten until he died in February, 1834. Why or wherefore or by whose instrumentality could not be learned; it was so long ago that no one could say where the records were to be found, so many changes had occurred in that length of time that there was no possibility of learning by whose order the poor old man had been imprisoned. On the records of the police were found the entry made of his arrival in Vienna and a copy of his passport from Amsterdam, issued by the Amsterdam ambassador. His brother Jacobo, the advocate, was now Baron von Honigstein and in full possession of the title and property, unchallenged. Subsequently two letters were written by our Grandfather Wolff to Baron von Honigstein and sent through the Danish Minister in Vienna, Count Bille, who delivered

them in person to the Baron, but no reply was received. Nothing further was attempted in that way until 1855, when our grandfather visited Europe with the intention of going to Vienna. When in Copenhagen they learned through the Danish foreign office that the old Baron Jacobo had died and that his son, who bore the title, was with his regiment in Galicia, and was not expected to return for two years. The journey was therefore given up.

From 1837 to 1847 many changes had occurred in the family. In 1839 Moses Wolff married Rebecca Josephine Levy in Curacao. In 1841 Daniel Wolff married his cousin Miriam, daughter of Judah Cappé. In 1843 Miriam Wolff married her cousin, Jacob Mendez Da Costa, and in 1847 Rebecca Wolff married Joseph Levy. In 1847 a negro insurrection broke out in St. Croix and St. Thomas which was suppressed with great difficulty. For meritorious conduct during this time of danger to all the white inhabitants of the island, grandfather, who was a major of militia, was brevetted major in the Danish regular army. In 1843 emancipation of the slaves took place, previous to which Major Wolff emancipated all of his, twenty-two in number. The governor paid $50 a head to those who would not voluntarily set them free.

From 1837 to 1848 "Panama Hall," as grandfather's house was called in consequence of its being built by people who made money in the Panama hat trade, of

MOSES WOLFF

REBECCA JOSEPHINE LEVY WOLFF

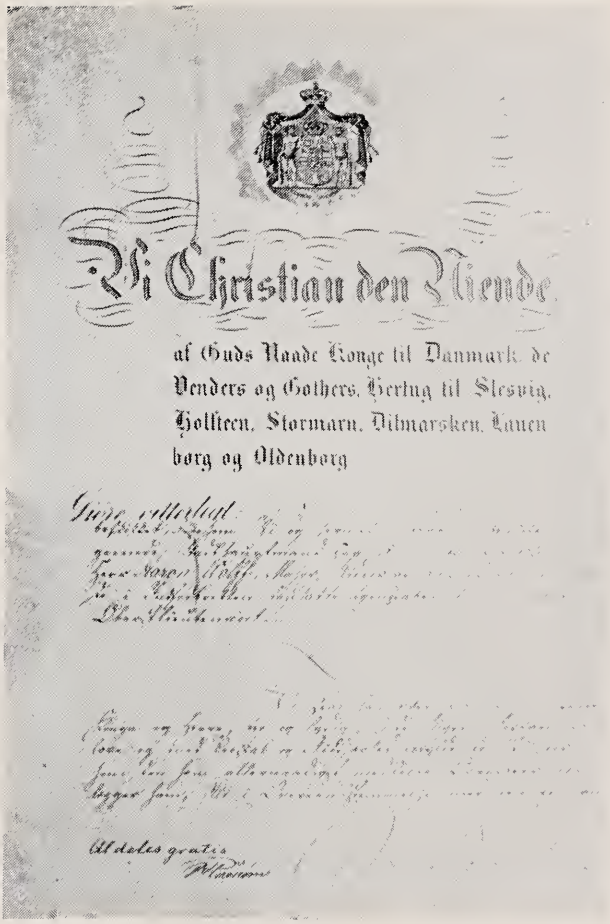
which he was the only dealer for years, was graced by visitors of the highest distinction. A Prince Royal of Denmark and a Prince of Orange were entertained at balls and dinners; governors of all the islands in the West Indies had received hospitality; bishops of the Church of England and the Lutheran and Roman churches, admirals, generals and other high officers of all the European powers, had been time and again made welcome at Panama Hall. Major and Mrs. Wolff and their immediate family were the leading people of the Island; whenever they went abroad they were treated with marked attention and respect.

In 1848 the family began to disperse. Moses, his wife and family led off; they went to Venezuela. Daniel and wife came to the United States of America. Jacob Benjamin traveled in South America. Elias established himself in Santo Domingo. Miriam Da Costa and her husband settled in London, and Rebecca Levy and her husband in Hamburg. The family was separated, never again to be all together in the place where so many years had been passed. Nevertheless, they all corresponded through the Major. The old folks at Panama Hall still continued to receive guests, but not with the same spirit as heretofore. The life of the house was all but gone. Josephine, Milly Cappé, Milly Da Costa, and Rebecca Levy formed a little ladies' court for Mrs. Major Wolff, as grandmother was called. Not only were they the life of the house, but they were the

introducers of all the fashions and styles in the island and were the genius of the society of St. Thomas from 1840-1850.

In 1855 Major and Mrs. Wolff started for Copenhagen, where they were entertained by Their Majesties of Denmark at a dinner and ball given at the palace for their reception. The order of Knight of Danebrog was conferred on the Major by the King in person at a special conclave of Knights of the Order presided over by the King, at which all the high officers of state, army, and navy were present. From Copenhagen they returned through Germany and Paris to London, where they were presented to Queen Victoria at a drawing room by Count von Oxholm, the Danish Ambassador, who was an old friend of the family. Lord Mayor Solomon sent them an invitation to the Lord Mayor's banquet given in honor of peace with Russia, which they attended. The Major dressed in the uniform of his regiment of Jaegers, with his decoration as Knight of Danneborg, and his wife was dressed appropriately for the occasion. During their stay in London their time was most pleasantly passed. Admiral Miln, General Lindslay (of Crimean renown), and other old friends showed them all manner of attention.

I have in my possession the joint last will and testament of my husband's grandparents, Major Aaron Wolff and Rachel Cappé Wolff. This was handwritten by his grandfather and is dated St. Thomas, March 15, 1855. FRANCES NATHAN WOLFF.


Vi Christian den Niende

af Guds Naade Konge til Danmark, de Venders og Gothers, Hertug til Slesvig, Holsteen, Stormarn, Ditmarsken, Lauenborg og Oldenborg

FACSIMILE OF KNIGHT OF DANNEBORG DOCUMENT

Translation

We, CHRISTIAN THE NINTH of God's Grace, King of Denmark, the Venders and the Goths, Duke of Slesvig, Holstein, Stormarn, Ditmarsken, Lauenborg and Oldenborg,

Make known: that we herewith most graciously commission and appoint our beloved Mr. AARON WOLFF, Major and commissioned Colonel on St. Thomas, Knight of Danneborg, who by birthright has the necessary qualities to become Lieutenant Colonel.—

To be faithful and obedient to the King and Master, keep the laws of the country faithfully and with love and to be true to and fulfill the duties his new rank, graciously bestowed upon him, demands of him, all in accordance with the oath which was obediently given by him.

Given at Bernstorff on the 21st of July, 1864, with our Royal Hand and Seal

(Signature) Christian R.

(Signature) C. N. Davidsen

Appointment:

From Commissioned Officer of the rank of Colonel on St. Thomas, Major Aaron Wolff, Knight of Danneborg, is to become Lieutenant Colonel.—